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AS WE GO TO PRESS, the prospects are for an early ratification of the naval treaty as a result of a compromise on the Norris reservation on secret agreements. This is again a victory for the President. In marked contrast to his refusal to direct or to lead Congress during all those weary months of the tariff legislation, he now seems willing to move without fear of being charged with interfering with the legislative branch. In arriving at this agreement he was surely considerably helped by the State Department's publication in parallel columns of astoundingly similar utterances by the British opponents of the treaty and by the American. Senator Hale's declaration on July 1 that "the British by the terms of this treaty have us hamstrung and hogtied" is matched by Winston Churchill's "I am astonished that any Admiralty Board of naval officers could have been found to accept responsibility for such a hamstringing stipulation." The declaration of the minority report of Senators Johnson, Moses, and Robinson that "the treaty does not give us parity with Great Britain in naval vessels" is offset by Mr. Churchill's "under superficial and paper appearance of parity this treaty embodies a solemn acceptance by the British Empire of a permanent secondary position in sea power." Similar parallels from the die-hards in Japan could also have been cited. As it is, these ought to suffice to make sane men everywhere realize the utter nonsense talked by the admirals and big-navy statesmen wherever these pestilent breeds flourish.

THE CASE OF CLAUDIUS H. HUSTON has ceased to be remarkable and has become scandalous. Ever since the Caraway committee, early last March, let daylight in upon Mr. Huston's activities as a lobbyist in connection with Muscle Shoals, Republicans in Congress who would like to see the affairs of their party decently managed have moved heaven and earth to get Mr. Huston to resign the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. On June 26 it was reported that Mr. Hoover would shortly insist upon Huston's retirement, but Mr. Huston declared that he had no intention of giving up his job, and forthwith issued calls for committee meetings on July 7 to discuss the Senatorial and Congressional campaigns. The meetings were postponed, but on July 7 Mr. Huston saw Mr. Hoover, and it was announced that Mr. Hoover would not press the matter and that Mr. Huston would stay. On July 9, when the postponed meetings were held, twenty Senators, it was said, were ready with a point-blank demand that Huston quit, but when the smoke screen lifted the Honorable Claudius still held the fort. What the country would like to know is why Mr. Huston holds on and why Mr. Hoover is supporting him. Is it possible that the power trust, with which Huston had acceptable and useful political connections, is the obstacle to be got around, and that if Huston were fired some ugly facts about campaign contributions might turn up? Meanwhile Mr. Huston declares his intention of staying till September.

MILITARY UNDERSTANDINGS with Germany, unofficially suggested by Italy and France as helps in case those two countries should go to war, is the startling report that comes from Berlin. Italy, it is said, would like to have Germany agree to remain neutral in a war between Italy and France, and France would appreciate the privilege of passing its troops through Germany in order to connect with its ally Jugoslavia. What the war is to be about has not been stated, and Paris, of course, has denied that the reports have any foundation. There seems to be no doubt that France has lately been strengthening its forces on the Italian border, and that a number of nearby Italian communities have shown alarm at the prospect of hostilities. Financially, if not otherwise, Italy is so ill-prepared for war that any talk of war with anybody seems absurd, yet it is exactly such vulgar saber-rattling speeches as Mussolini has recently indulged in that stir up the war spirit and make even the wildest action possible. France, too, has steadily done its bit by enlarging its air force, constructing elaborate fortifications all along its northeastern frontier, and negotiating offensive and defensive alliances with Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia. It is the more gratifying, therefore, to read that both Italy and France have suspended all naval building until fall in order to see if a definite agreement as to their relative naval strengths cannot be reached.

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THE VICEROY'S SPEECH before the Indian Legislative Assembly has added very little to the prospect of early peace in India. To be sure, he said that the coming Round Table Conference would not be bound by the Simon recommendations and that dominion status was the final goal in India. Both had been said before. The remainder of his speech was largely given over to denunciation of the Nationalists. In the unconscious tones of an overlord whose subjects have offended him he attacked the civil-disobedience campaign and put upon the Nationalists the "original blame." He praised the police and gave fresh weight to rumors that have for the most part been shown to be false by saying: "Several—I mean police—have been brutally murdered." Meanwhile Gandhi's paper *Young India* has been suppressed; and the official inquiry into the disorders at Peshawar, where, from every Indian account so far received, the police fired upon defenseless and non-resisting volunteers, has completely exonerated all British officers and troops. As for the Simon report, all parties in England seem to consider it the basis for discussion at the Round Table Conference in spite of the Viceroy's speech. In India several liberals in the assembly, as a result of the speech, have asked that the civil-disobedience campaign be terminated so that the Round Table Conference may include all Indian opinion. But almost every important leader of the strongest force in India, the Nationalist movement, is in jail. To expect the Labor Government to release them in order that their voices may be heard in London is to look for courage where there has been so far only querulousness and confusion.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE from defeat, this time thanks to Liberal support, has saved the MacDonald Government and prolonged its life a little longer, but at the cost of leaving the party situation in England more confused than it was before. Neither the Liberals nor the rank and file of the Conservatives are anxious to turn Mr. MacDonald out, but the mischievous leadership of Lloyd George precipitated an attack on the budget bill which failed only because a handful of Liberals, voting with the Government, gave the Government a majority of three. Some fifty young Conservatives, eager, apparently, to unseat Labor on any pretext, distinguished themselves by hiding in a nearby club until the division was called and then rushing in to record their votes in the hope that the Government might be caught unprepared. The incident apparently ends such working agreement as there may have been between Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald, but dissatisfaction with Liberal leadership, which appears to have been freely expressed, does not necessarily insure continued Liberal support for the Labor program. Such support as there is will be jeopardized if Labor shows any marked inclination toward empire free trade. Mr. MacDonald declared in a recent speech that "the tariff is not the way to salvation," but he also gave a vague assurance that the forthcoming Imperial Conference would do all it could to "come to an economic arrangement with the dominions that will benefit the working classes of this country." Is Mr. MacDonald hedging?

ELIHU ROOT has decided to back up the Civic Federation in its demand for a special federal police to combat the red menace, and the secretary of the federation is certain that the results of the hearings of the Fish committee will undoubtedly so arouse "the American people out of their false sense of security that they will demand the sorely needed remedial legislation," which seems to mean the creation of another force of government secret police and spies. This only goes to prove that the great age which Mr. Root has attained does not bring wisdom, neither does it enable men to read the plainest teachings of history. All the secret police forces in the world will not prevent the communizing of the United States if that can be proved to be the best means of life and livelihood for the great masses of the people, nor can they prevent the dissemination of Communist doctrine in the United States. The only way to prove the superiority of American institutions is to make them work honestly, cleanly, fairly to all Americans. Then they will be safe from Moscow and Rome, too. We repeat for the hundredth time that the men to be feared in America are not the handful of reds but the big-business exploiters of the United States, many of whom have found no more brilliant counsel in the conduct of their affairs than the same Elihu Root, who now forgets that every one of the great nations which collapsed in revolution was previously safeguarded by thousands of secret police, Chekas, *lettres de cachet*, spies, stool pigeons, and all the rest. We wonder, by the way, if he is pleased to be joined by the Pope in fears for the bolshevizing of America.

A BOOST IN FREIGHT RATES in what is known as official-classification territory, meaning thereby territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, together with an increase in rates in Western trunk-line territory, is the contribution of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the business revival which the Administration insists has already begun. As the net operating income of Class I railroads fell off nearly $150,000,000 during the first five months of the present year in comparison with the same period in 1929, the gift will of course be welcomed by the roads even though it does not become effective until November 1. What the railroads will gain, however, must come from the tills of the shippers who pay the charges. The commission estimates that the new rates will add some $12,000,000 to the annual income of the Western roads, while unofficial estimates put the increased earnings of the Eastern lines as high as $40,000,000. Something like $52,000,000, accordingly, or upwards of 5 per cent on a billion dollars' worth of business, is the load which the shippers of the country are expected to carry. We daresay the railroads need all the revenue they are likely to get, but the only thing that will prevent the new order from robbing Peter to pay Paul is a substantial increase in the volume of goods hauled.

FIFTY-SEVEN WAGE CUTS in June as against fifty increases is the rather depressing report of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of this city. Organized labor, apparently, was not hit, all of the cuts affecting non-union workers who lacked the protection of wage contracts. Union labor also benefited by wage increases, thirty-nine of the increases going to trade-union members and only eleven to unorganized workers. On the other hand, while 72 per cent of the workers (the figures are for manufacturing industries) were affected by decreases averaging 10 per cent,

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the 5 per cent average increases applied to only 17 per cent of the employees in the establishments concerned. The industrial situation in May showed little change except in a downward direction, for which, of course, seasonal conditions were in part responsible. The bureau takes issue sharply with the unemployment estimates put out by the Department of Commerce. The department estimate, based on reports from six States, put the number of unemployed in the country at 2 per cent of the population. The bureau points out that reports obtained by census enumerators are unreliable, that the department's method of "sampling" the States excludes the most important industrial centers, and that non-industrial States "have an undue weight in the tabulation in relation to industrial States." Assuming that only about 40 per cent of the population is to be regarded as employable, the figure of 2 per cent becomes 5 per cent for potential workers.

TOM MOONEY has been refused a pardon by Governor Young of California. The refusal came a day or so after the denial by the State Supreme Court of Billings's application for pardon and the denial by the State Advisory Pardon Board of a pardon to Mooney. The Governor had previously announced that he would be guided by the action on the Billings application and by the Pardon Board's decision on Mooney, so that his refusal cannot have surprised anyone. It has taken him nearly the whole length of his term in office so far to "study" the Mooney case. Time after time he has put off his decision in order to study some more. This in itself was discouraging enough. Those numerous persons, in California and elsewhere, who believe the two men innocent can only take up the fight where it was laid down, can only press for new evidence, can only make fresh appeals and try to turn public opinion in favor of the two men. John McDonald, an important witness for the prosecution who later repudiated his testimony, has been found in Baltimore. He will be returned to California in order to testify before a grand jury. Governor Young held out the possibility of obtaining McDonald's recantation as the one hope for the condemned men. As for Mooney and Billings, one is almost ashamed to wish them more patience, more fortitude; they have already displayed so much of both. But it is not Governor Young who has disappointed them this time but the people of California, who have not, so far, demanded that the Governor free them. The California Court of Appeals has just upheld the conviction of Yetta Stromberg, sentenced to from one to ten years for displaying a red flag at a children's camp. This, we fear, is the temper of the whole State just now.

DR. VLADIMIR MATCHEK, leader of the Croat Peasants' Party, has been acquitted at Belgrade on charges of high treason. The trial, which lasted two months, was described at some length in our issue of June 18. Of the twenty-three Croatians tried with Dr. Matchek, nine were acquitted with him; the other fourteen were convicted of terrorist activities and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from several months to fifteen years' hard labor. The reliability of the testimony leading to conviction was seriously impaired during the trial by charges of perjury and torture, especially by the evidence of a prison doctor who testified that the feet of one of the prisoners were covered with blood from being beaten and that he was in a state of physical and nervous collapse. The evidence against Dr. Matchek, it will be remembered, was drawn almost entirely from "confessions" made by his fellow-prisoners. All but one of these repudiated their confessions before the trial began. Dr. Matchek owes his acquittal to the fact that the one prisoner who stuck to his confession beyond the beginning of the trial finally withdrew his evidence, also. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Croatians are out for home rule and that the more reckless among them will not hesitate to resort to terrorist activities. The political character of the trial is indicated by the news that several of the acquitted men were rearrested for singing Croatian songs, expressly prohibited by police orders, at a banquet celebrating the verdicts of acquittal.

ON TOP OF THE NEWS that Great Britain has closed twenty-one important prisons for lack of criminals since the end of the World War, and is about to close Pentonville, for generations one of the most famous London jails, comes the news that in 1929 there were only ten cases of murder recorded in London as against an annual average of twenty-two, and one of these ten was committed in 1928 although only discovered in 1929. To compare this with the daily average of a murder or more a day in Chicago and almost as great a showing in New York is humiliating indeed. When one thinks, too, that the New York police, which Grover Whalen so proudly described as the finest in the world, usually fail to find about ninety murderers a year it is amazing to read the apology of Lord Byng, head of the London police, because out of the ten cases his men failed to capture two murderers, and two who were tried were acquitted. Besides the 10 murders there were 37 manslaughter cases in London; in New York for the same period there were 357 murder and manslaughter cases. Commissioner Whalen also reported 25,709 felonies, against which Lord Byng testifies to 17,664 indictable offenses in London.

"VANITIES," the latest production of Earl Carroll in New York City, has brought up in clear-cut form the whole question of censorship. It is the unanimous opinion of dramatic critics that the "Vanities" was and is a dirty show. So far the only dissenting voice has been Mr. Carroll's, who insists that it is not dirt but art, with which we must disagree. Yet we believe that the action of the New York police in hauling some of Mr. Carroll's young ladies into court and insisting that parts of the revue be changed will uplift the stage but little and will hardly alter the vulgarity and bad taste of Mr. Carroll's performance. The police themselves are not to blame; under the existing obscenity laws they were called upon to act and they had a clear case. There are in Mr. Carroll's audience many middle-aged men and women. Why should anyone attempt to censor the morals of the middle-aged? Certainly it should not be the function of the police. Although this play is different from a genuine work of art in that it is merely the exploitation of the female form to coin dollars for the producers, we are still unchanged in our objection to all forms of censorship, believing that the evils of censorship are far worse in the long run than the harm that can be done even by an Earl Carroll.

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The Farm Board Folly

IT looks as if Mr. Coolidge had set out to prepare the country for a collapse of the federal farm-relief enterprise. In his 200-word epistle general in the New York *Herald Tribune* of July 9, after coldly suggesting that it might be well to "defer judgment" until we know what the Farm Board has done and why, he adds that "there is one possibility that may turn out to be all important. If at the very outset of its career the action of the Farm Board demonstrates to the country that even the United States Treasury cannot maintain a fixed price for farm produce, while the lesson may be expensive it will be worth all it costs. We shall learn through experience that that kind of farm relief will not work."

Mr. Coolidge was only repeating in discouraging form the substance of the crushing indictment which he framed in his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill on May 23, 1928. "Prejudicial to public policy and to agriculture," "a formidable array of perils," "a fantastic promise of unworkable governmental price regulation," "cruelly deceptive," and "futile sophistries" were some of the caustic phrases with which he damned that notorious measure. To be sure, the bill did not directly mention price-fixing, but Mr. Coolidge declared that there could be no doubt of the purpose of the bill "to impose upon the farmer and upon the consumers of farm produce a regime of futile, delusive experiments with price-fixing" with all their attendant evils. "No farmer," he continued, "will be safe in directing his planting upon his individual judgment, for should the result be a stimulation of an increased yield, the board will be likely to withdraw the support which encouraged the surplus, and allow the prices to collapse under the weight of that artificially created excess."

It is true that the McNary-Haugen bill contained the odious debenture provision, and the dangerous possibilities involved in that feature may have intensified Mr. Coolidge's opposition. In the bill which Mr. Hoover signed on June 15, 1929, the debenture scheme did not appear, but the other essential features of the plan were retained and a revolving fund of $500,000,000, of which $250,000,000 has been made available, was provided for the experiments which Mr. Coolidge had unsparingly condemned.

The experiment is a sorry-looking affair now. Through a subsidiary organization known as the Stabilization Corporation the Farm Board holds at present upwards of 60,000,000 bushels of wheat bought at prices averaging from $1.12 to $1.15 a bushel, and worth at this writing about 90 cents, and several cents less than that on various recent dates. The government loss on the operation is estimated at between $10,000,000 and $20,000,000. Another organization, the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, financed by the board, expects to handle some 300,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. Another stabilization corporation, formed to take over the losses incurred by the board on loans to cooperative associations of cotton-growers, holds about 1,250,000 bales of cotton at a present estimated loss of about $13,000,000. Meantime cotton has declined to about thirteen cents a pound, and a further decline of two or three cents is predicted because of a steadily diminishing demand for American cotton abroad.

In other words, in the face of a superabundant world production of both wheat and cotton and a foreign demand for American cotton which has been falling off ominously for years, the board is holding over the market, and proposes to hold indefinitely, 60,000,000 bushels of last year's wheat plus whatever amount the Farmers' National Grain Corporation may undertake to carry from this year's crop, and 1,250,000 bales of cotton. Sales from the old crop are to be made good by purchases of the new. No great wisdom is required to perceive the effect which these surpluses will have on the market. Any upward movement of prices will be checked by the existence of huge surplus stocks overhanging the market, ready to be sold whenever the board thinks the price is favorable, and sold then, almost certainly, at a loss.

No wonder that the board, administering the wildest scheme that Congress ever devised, finds itself in a dilemma. It has spent all or most of the money that Congress provided, and it can pay out no more until Congress, next winter, comes to its aid. The farmer, consequently, must prepare to do his own financing through the banks, and the banks, with one eye on the surplus stocks and the other on tobogganing prices, can hardly with safety advance enough to cover the bare cost of production. If the board had more money to spend it would be hard put to it to find storage, for elevators and warehouses are crammed and space is at a premium. Yet Senator Capper of Kansas, who owns a whole string of farm papers and regards himself as a farmers' spokesman, comes out with a demand that the board buy another hundred million bushels because "the wheat price situation has approached a crisis and it must be met."

Under these circumstances it seems a bit futile to expect that the Secretary of Agriculture and the chairman of the Farm Board will get very far in their campaign to convert the wheat farmers to reducing their acreage. Mr. Legge may have been indiscreet, as he certainly was indelicate, in likening the Kansas farmers the other day to the big hog that always lies down in the trough, but if the Kansas farmer is to go on raising as much wheat as he can and letting somebody else practice reduction, we shall continue to have a surplus as long as the government promises to hold the bag. Moreover, the government itself is in the worst possible position for pleading with the farmers, for the whole theory of the idiotic plan of farm relief is that the government, by buying and holding any surplus, will thereby steady the market and so, indirectly, regulate prices.

Let no one, whether he lives in a farming district or in an industrial center, make any mistake about the outlook. The farm-relief program spells calamity. It means stagnation for agriculture, huge financial loss to the government, and continued depression in every industry whose products the farmer would ordinarily buy, in addition to jeopardizing the existence of a multitude of legitimate middlemen. Mr. Coolidge is kind enough to say that the experience "will be worth all it costs." There is no doubt that it will be expensive.

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Treaty and Peace Lovers

THE letter from Roger Baldwin, which we print in our correspondence columns this week, makes a definite challenge to peace-lovers and moves us to restate our own position on the pending naval limitation treaty. Mr. Baldwin cannot understand why uncompromising devotees of peace do not come out against the treaty, disregarding the fact that they will then find themselves allied with jingo Senators and admirals. He also asks whether this treaty fight will not reveal "the bankruptcy of the middle-class liberals, of the radical pacifists." We hardly think so, but needless to say we respect highly the position of those who see eye to eye with Mr. Baldwin. Our readers have been too often made aware of our willingness to take the uncompromising, idealistic position at any cost, as in the matter of India, for example, to make it necessary for us to assure them that fear of standing with the belligerent admirals and Senators had nothing to do with our stand.

Our position has been this: We have held that the London conference was a miserable failure; that if it should result in our building up to parity, or increasing our navy in any degree, we should consider it a disaster; it would make the word limitation a ghastly joke. We have seen from the time the treaty was written only one possible worth-while outcome of it, and that is the end of all talk of naval rivalry between the United States and Great Britain; precisely as the Washington conference, which seemed to so many liberals nothing but a deception and a snare, put a definite end to the talk of war between Japan and the United States, stopped the admirals from asserting that we were in grave danger in the Pacific, and led our sensational Sunday editors to drop their portrayal of the coming Japanese-American hostilities from the list of their available scare stories. If the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain has a similar effect in stopping the mouths of our war inciters, in and out of uniform, we are for it.

That does not mean that we shall agree for one moment to building up our fleet to parity with Great Britain. We have already stated in clearest terms that this does not need to happen and we have urged (in *The Nation* for April 30) all our readers to do their utmost to prevent the voting of a single additional ship. One of the greatest fights ever waged will be on in Congress after the ratification between those who are opposed to further warships and those super-patriots and manufacturers of ships and guns who will at once be in the breach demanding that we build up to parity. There should be no quarter in this struggle. But we would remind Mr. Baldwin that this fight will be quite as inevitable if the treaty is defeated as if it is ratified. With an intellectual density and moral obtuseness we ourselves cannot remotely fathom, Mr. Hoover has joined his immediate predecessor in declaring that if there is no limitation then there will be a race in armaments between this country and Great Britain. Why there should be this finality of decision we cannot understand. Mr. Hoover and his delegates to London have constantly talked about what the American people want, and how large a navy they will demand in this or that contingency. They have no right to assert that they know. The American people have never been asked to express their views about this whole navy business. No referendum has ever been taken; the politicians and armament-makers have seen to that and will fight to the death any proposal to make legal such a popular vote. We deny the inevitability of any such armament race, but if the treaty is defeated the issue will be joined, the race will be on.

We and those who feel as we do have no zeal whatever for the treaty; we are almost entirely indifferent. We shall be but little more interested if it is defeated than if it is ratified. It is the struggle which is bound to follow after the vote upon it which we wish to stress. We can only say in behalf of the treaty that fighters for peace will be in a little bit better position if it is approved than if it is defeated. We cannot rise to heights of indignation against it. If we could the caliber of the Senators, with one or two exceptions, who are opposing the ratification would fire us to the boiling-point. Our natural inclination is to take after them, whatever they espouse, as a pack of hounds takes up the trail of the fox. The more they talk the greater the discredit they will cast upon this whole naval business. It is really incredible that men like Mr. Stimson and some of his associates should dare to pretend that this treaty bears in the slightest degree any mark of genuine constructive statesmanship. We notice with interest that Dwight Morrow has never opened his lips about it since he returned from London, not even during his recent Senatorial campaign in New Jersey.

Black and Gold Stars

THERE is no record, so far as we know, that any officer in the late war refused a Negro soldier the inestimable privilege of dying for his country because of his color. "No, Mr. Johnson, you will not go over the top today; today is the day for the Randolphs of Virginia to make the supreme sacrifice." If remarks such as these were ever uttered while the United States fought the Germans, we do not recall having seem them in print. But our government has not learned that such scenes did not actually take place. And as a result, when we get around to sending off to France the mothers and widows of men who were killed in the war, in order that they may visit the graves of their dead soldiers, we make the incredibly stupid and ungracious gesture of drawing attention to the Negro women, putting them in a group by themselves, providing for them a different sort of accommodation in hotels and on shipboard. Their black sons died as white men die. The mothers are not to visit the graves as do white mothers.

The War Department, of course, is full of explanations for the segregation of Negro mothers and for their lodging at different hotels and their passage on different steamships from those provided for white women. Secretary of War Hurley says: "After thorough study the conclusion was reached that the formation of white and colored groups of mothers and widows would best assure the contentment and comfort of the pilgrims themselves." However, as he explained at length: "All groups will receive like accommodations at hotels and on steamships, and the representatives of the War Department will at all times be as solicitous of the

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welfare of Negro mothers and widows as they will be of white ones." Fifty-five Negro women have canceled their reservations so far on the ground that they were not given like accommodations, either at hotels or on shipboard. A letter voicing the protest of the Negro women has been sent to President Hoover. The letter should have provided interesting reading for the Chief Executive, but his reply was a brief acknowledgment of the letter and a statement that it had been referred to the War Department. The letter said in part:

> As a Gold Star mother who happens to be colored, I wish to protest against the gratuitous insult in the attitude of the War Department of the United States in segregating colored Gold Star mothers who are entitled to go to France to visit the graves where our loved ones are buried. When the call to arms came . . . in 1917 mothers, sisters, and wives, regardless of race, color, or creed, were asked to give their loved ones. . . . This call we answered freely and willingly. . . . Ten years after the armistice . . . we, who gave, and who are colored, are insulted by the implication that we are not fit persons to travel with other bereaved ones. Instead of making up parties of Gold Star mothers on the basis of geographical location, we are set aside in a separate group, jim-crowed, segregated, and insulted.

The Negro women, therefore, are not so much concerned with Mr. Hurley's offer of "like accommodations" as they are with the simple and undeniable fact that they have been segregated. And surely there was no time in the history of our country when segregation was less necessary and more cruel. If there were a few white women from any section of the country who were so delicately constituted that they could not endure to travel on the same ship with a black woman whose son or husband was killed in France, the War Department might with good grace have received cancellations of their passages. But we believe that such cancellations would have been few and far between. We believe that American white women are less prejudiced than the War Department itself. We believe that Negro women in a group would have been as welcome as Italian women or Jewish women or Polish women, for whom it was not thought necessary to provide separate accommodations. The government must learn that the Negroes are no longer property to be shunted around back alleys and smuggled in at side doors. They are American citizens with a vote. There are laws to insure to them their rights as such. And it is altogether unlikely, if the Government of the United States had declared its intention of securing hotel rooms or steamship cabins for Negro women, that any hotel or steamship line would have refused the request, Mr. Hurley to the contrary notwithstanding.

But in the last analysis it is segregation that the Negroes object to first and most bitterly. And it is in segregation that the War Department made its worst and most unfortunate blunder. It is hinted by the Administration that the protests were cooked up by a group of Negro agitators. It is good to note, therefore, that so far from this being the case, the first protests were made by white persons, and that, according to Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, not a ghost of an attempt was made to make one Negro woman cancel her passage. If governments will not learn, citizens will.

Conan Doyle

WE shall dispense with the "Sir Arthur." That came long after Sherlock Holmes had been created, and only because—it is believed—Dr. Doyle had whitewashed the Boer War in a book which was translated into twelve languages. The King of England does not ordinarily bestow knighthood on mere story-tellers, so doubtless in this case he had his own special reasons of weight and state. But in this very case the honorific is so meaningless that we who love good stories shall take our revenge on the King and cease—now that the magician is dead—to recognize the "Sir."

We shall dispense also with the author of medieval fiction and of books about wars. We are tempted to dispense at the same time with the old man who went in for spiritualism and displayed photographs of ectoplasm. But we had better keep him around. For as the late William Bolitho of the New York *World* has pointed out, there is probably some connection between the maker of Sherlock Holmes and the believer in voices from "the other side"—of what, it seems, he never said, but it does not matter.

William Bolitho had the advantage of being able to see an exhibition of drawings by Charles Doyle, the immortal's father; and he had the perspicacity to recognize that the subjects of these drawings—fairies and goblins chiefly—bore some relation to the subjects treated later on by the son, not only in the spiritualistic writings but in the detective tales themselves. "For Sherlock Holmes himself was a fairy," claimed Mr. Bolitho. "Apply the test—was he not altogether good, yet impossible to imagine in love?" Without becoming quite so personal as that, we can agree that the world represented by Holmes was—and is, for it cannot grow old—delightful as only unreal worlds can be delightful.

What could be more unreal and fascinating than a world at the center of which a man sits, smoking tobacco, while he waits for things to happen which invariably shall be wonderful or terrible? That was the privilege of Sherlock Holmes. England was a little stage set with wires along which messages reached him, and him alone, telling him of —well, the strange disappearance of a baronet in Devon, or the still stranger appearance of a Hindu in the shrubbery at Dingley-come-Dampford, Hustlebury, Hants. The great achievement of Conan Doyle was not the invention of the detective apparatus whereby Mr. Holmes solved his mysteries; it was the invention of the mysteries. They are what we still hunt for through the collected works, now that so many other men have tried to write the same kind of story and have somehow failed. Sooner or later we go back to Sherlock Holmes; and then, surely, it is not the solutions that captivate us. It is the situations—and the picture of this imperturbable man among them, waiting there in Baker Street till the web twitches and a morsel of human wonder comes along for his devouring. That Conan Doyle thought he was doing the same thing later on when he groped for messages from the other side, and that he was pathetic in thinking so, does not remove the suspicion that it was the same thing after all. He simply had grown old and had lost his grip on the particular unreality which he had once found a great public to share with him.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IF the younger generation is in almost every respect an improvement over the generations which have gone before (and surely nobody will deny this contention) there must be a reason. Some have pointed out that children of today are less harassed by parental discipline and that Sunday school attendance has fallen off considerably. And yet I think we must look to other sources for the increase in courage and gallantry of spirit among the boys and girls of our own day. I am inclined to give the credit to the newspaper comic strips.

The hard-boiled little ones who are to carry on the torch have been educated for the most part upon the adventures of characters surprisingly sturdy. The comic strip, to be sure, is not a new invention, but syndication has grown prodigiously within the past ten years and now no child even in a distant hamlet is likely to be deprived of an opportunity to follow the fate of Mutt and Jeff and many others. The comic pictures of my own childhood were a thin stream. Neither in volume nor in violence was there anything approaching the flood tide of our day. It is my recollection that I came into contact with the emancipated characters of the newspaper strips only on Sundays. The daily press in those benighted days was devoted to recording fires, floods, wars, and political addresses. Room had not yet been made for features solely aesthetic in their content. The daily strip was still a dream and for six days in every week I lived, like my fellows, on no more satisfying ration than moral precepts. These inculcated for the most part a sense of fear, and there were ever so many things in the world at the thought of which any child had a right to tremble.

New York was moderately well settled by the time that I got born. We had a City Hall, a mayor and chief of police, and also street lamps. And yet I can remember an early fear of wild animals. There was a vacant lot on a Broadway corner now occupied by one of the largest of metropolitan apartment houses. I would never have been surprised to see avenging she-bears pop out from its brambles and rank weeds. And it would have been horrifying although not altogether startling to meet a lion on any landing of the stairs at home in corners where the gaslight functioned feebly.

The yearly trip to the circus had in it, as far as I was concerned, elements of martyrdom. I never liked to run the gantlet down the long line of elephants. Uncles and aunts supposed that I enjoyed the business of making timid proffer to the beasts of peanuts which I would rather have consumed myself with safety and satisfaction. Well did I know the fate of such youths as palmed off tobacco plugs and other indigestibles upon these fierce animals. And though I played no tricks at all how was I to know that some sensitive member of the herd might not happen on a nut a little off the normal and hold me responsible? If there was any sense of justice among the elephants they could have no reason to complain of me, but I was not convinced of their good-will or fairness. And small solace did I get because some aunt whispered: "Jumbo won't hurt you. Jumbo loves you."

If it so happens that he did his affection was by no means reciprocated. And if he held a grudge I had little faith that Aunt Ella would actually be efficient in averting sledge-hammer blows of that great trunk. In all my daily life it seemed that beasts were abundant, sinister, and savage. Almost every day I saw lions and tigers in Central Park and to my eyes the bars seemed flimsy. The average citizen upon going to Lloyd's could probably get huge odds against the possibility of his being eaten by a lion. And very few inhabitants of Manhattan are trampled to death by elephants in any given year. But how could I know that? The beasts were everywhere and they were strong and I was small and brittle. Policemen were also common and carried clubs.

The indestructibility of human fiber was a concept which I never achieved. I have not caught it yet. If I had only grown up receiving the comforting intimations of the comic strips I might not have led a frightened childhood nor left at last my adolescence in exchange for timorous manhood. Now, when it is much too late, I am privileged almost any day to see a dozen bricks bounce off the head of Mutt and even more frequently fall on his comrade Jeff. The victim cries out "Pow!" and also "Ouch!" There is an indication that at the moment of impact he sees stars. But in any case the injury is wholly superficial. No serious damage is done even when the missiles are dropped by Jeff from a great height upon the head of his friend. I've seen Mutt live through a Zeppelin bombardment and suffer nothing more than minor abrasions and acute annoyance.

When next we see Mutt in that same strip he has launched an airplane and is in close pursuit of his tormentor. With leer and pitchfork he stabs holes into the gas bag which supports the luckless Jeff. "Nix, Mutt! Nix, Mutt!" cries out poor Jeff. Down drops the balloon and down goes Jeff. To destruction? Don't be silly.

As for the Captain and the Kids, I've known that estimable mariner to fight with octopi and gorillas and escape with nothing more serious than a torn collar and fierce rage against his offspring who put him into the predicament. I've seen him bound hand and foot and tossed into shark-infested waters by his antic children. Crocodiles have been introduced into his bed at night and cannibals aroused against him through misconceptions fostered by Hans and Fritz. Their sense of humor has led them at times to fire the ship and again to blow it up with dynamite. But nobody is ever hurt. At least not vitally.

I would not commend the comic strip as an agency for inculcating good manners. It seems to me that the frolicsome children of these pictures sometimes go too far in their search for good clean fun. But they do set up in the impressionable a fine and simple faith in the toughness of the human carcass and the imperviousness of the human spirit. I was taught in school that there is no such word as fail, but my faith in this fact was never lively, even though I copied the maxim many times. Much more hearty would have been my belief if only I could have lived for a few passionate moments each day with the heroes of the comic page and learned to be a lot more like them.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Newspaper Criminals in Chicago

By A VETERAN JOURNALIST

Chicago, July 14

THE editor of *The Nation* has asked me to write on the recent startling charges, preferred by newspapermen themselves, of criminal racketeering on the part of Chicago reporters, editors, and other press men. He wanted, he said, the full and absolute truth.

The full and absolute truth, alas, may never be known. A grand jury is sitting and inquiring into the murder of "Jake" Lingle, the reporter for the Chicago *Tribune,* and into the causes and motives of that typical crime. The police department is supposed to be carrying on a rigorous investigation on its own account, as is the State's attorney's office. A mysterious committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce with its own detectives, presumably loyal and competent, is at work on the same sensational case. In due time we may expect reports, presentments, indictments, perhaps even murder trials. But it does not follow by any means that the truth will be ascertained and disclosed regarding the crime situation in Chicago, so far as crime is organized and is a direct or indirect outcome of official corruption and venality, police negligence and blindness, police alliances with gangland. Still less does it follow that the whole truth about newspaper racketeers and copartners of professional gangsters will be revealed to what I must admit is a rather cynical, skeptical, and apathetic public.

There is little, if any, confidence in the police, and hardly any in the State's attorney's office. The Chicago newspaper publishers did jointly pledge themselves to the community to wage a relentless campaign against crime, rotten politics, and police corruption, but that was before it was established that Lingle had been assassinated not because he was a conscientious reporter faithful to his charge and ready to take risks in combating crime and criminal vice, but because he was a crook, a blackmailer, a peddler of illicit favors, and a close friend of high and low police officers not all of whom were or are above suspicion.

Today there is no love or good-will among the newspaper proprietors and editors. Some complain of broken faith and others of unfair and gratuitous efforts to besmirch the whole journalistic profession in Chicago in order to divert attention from one sore and damned spot—the city room of the *Tribune.* Cooperation is the last thing now to be hoped for from the five or six newspapers of Chicago. They are engaged in recrimination and the bandying of charges of insincerity, evasion, and suppression of ugly facts. If they continue in this sordid game they will disgust the public and lead it to cry, "A plague o' both your houses."

Meantime, what are the facts as contradistinguished from mud-slinging, rumor, and conjecture? I do not believe that any considerable number of reporters or other press men in Chicago are guilty of criminal racketeering. Lingle was an exception to the rule. There are perhaps a few other such scandalous exceptions. But the probability is that the great majority of those newspapermen whose work has necessitated contact with criminals, vice lords, grafting politicians, and blackmailing policemen have remained upright and clean. Mistakes of policy and tactics may have been made by some of them. It is admitted that some have sought to use low-lived and disreputable men—stool pigeons, parasites, half-reformed crooks, and the like, and of course the chances are that these unscrupulous men have used the reporters instead and given them misleading information, faked news, and downright misinformation. Nor would these underworld characters hesitate to pose as trusted agents of the press, to threaten exposure of their friends or foes in the pages of this or that newspaper, or to demand regular and fat tribute for silence.

It seems to me foolish and dangerous for honest newspapers to seek material in the lowest and meanest circles of the underworld. If a paper can afford to hire good detectives and embark upon a "piperization" of its local police or of any other group of public servants suspected of corruption, well and good. Valuable service might thus be rendered to a community vainly wrestling with the allied forces of evil and darkness. But this is a different thing from trying to get truth and fact out of professional stool pigeons, who are notoriously mendacious and purchasable.

Let us now glance at the insinuations and vague charges that have been leveled at the Chicago press since the Lingle murder. The indictment that has attracted the most attention is that of Harry T. Brundidge, reporter for the St. Louis, Missouri, *Star,* who was sent to Chicago to investigate the crime situation and tell the truth about it. Mr. Brundidge made the following statements:

That a certain reporter is known as the unofficial mayor of Chicago, as Lingle was known to many as the unofficial chief of police.

That another reporter collects five cents a bag for every sack of cement sold in Chicago, and that other reporters are connected with a street-paving racket.

That a certain reporter controls the bond-signing racket, and another has made a fortune by tipping off, from police stations, accidents to ambulance-chasing shysters.

That a certain reporter boasted of having cleaned up $200 a week at the county building by forcing grafters to share their booty with him.

That a certain reporter was a guest of Al Capone in Florida and at Havana, dined and wined at the expense of that vice lord, and used an alias while claiming to be a dealer in real estate.

That a certain newspaper executive told Mr. Brundidge that there was no sense in newspapermen living like tramps when "the filthy lucre is being passed out like rain checks at the ball park."

That a certain editor maintains an office in the Loop separate from that which he has at his newspaper, and that the transactions carried on in the mysterious office won't bear the light of day.

Well, these are rather serious statements. Mr. Brundidge offered to go before a Cook County grand jury and give the names, dates, places, and other piquant details to

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which he merely alluded in his dispatches. Was his offer promptly and heartily accepted? Not exactly. The State's attorney, former Judge Swanson, insisted that Brundidge submit himself to some sort of preliminary examination, or cross-examination, by an assistant prosecutor. Otherwise, he said, he would not call Brundidge as a witness. The latter, or rather his boss, the managing editor of the St. Louis *Star,* took the position that this preliminary examination was unnecessary, questionable as to motive, and an unfair reflection upon the veracity and integrity of Brundidge. According to latest reports, the grand jury has decided to call Mr. Brundidge to testify.

To an impartial bystander neither the State's attorney nor the St. Louis *Star* emerges from the bizarre controversy with flying colors. Was Brundidge afraid of the third degree in State's Attorney Swanson's office? He had no reason to apprehend the application to himself of that gentle art of extorting confessions or changing testimony to suit the examiners. The Chicago police uses the third degree early and often, but the State's attorney's assistants are more law-abiding and more amenable to decent opinion. Mr. Brundidge and his boss have strained at trivialities instead of proffering prompt and unconditional cooperation to the Chicago authorities.

But why, it may be asked, the demand that the St. Louis reporter go through the ordeal of a preliminary examination at the prosecutor's office? Because, say those who profess to know, the State's attorney has no desire to play into the hands of sensation-mongers, and is inclined to believe that Brundidge knows little of real value, and that he is being exploited by the Chicago *Tribune,* which has shown some avidity in republishing his dispatches and lending them an unmerited importance. It is said, further, that were Brundidge permitted to testify at length and at will before the grand jury his statements would straightway find their way into the pages of the *Tribune,* in violation of the rules of law and orderly justice, and help that newspaper to darken counsel and discredit its competitors. Meanwhile, in an interview published in the St. Louis *Star,* Colonel R. R. McCormick of the *Tribune* was quoted as follows:

> I shall personally request the grand jury to make a thorough investigation of all facts and rumors having to do with alliances between newspapermen and the underworld.
>
> There is no need of beating about the bush. If the newspapers in Chicago are to continue to occupy the foremost place in the life of this country, we must clean house. The *Tribune* has nothing to conceal, it is bigger than any or all of its personnel, and I will not only discharge but prosecute any man on our pay roll who has used his employment dishonestly.

Regarding the slain reporter Colonel McCormick said:

> His life and death are only an incident. I might, according to the facts so far developed, figure out a long and tortuous course to prove why Lingle was an honest man. I know he was not honest, so why should I?

Whatever may be the result of the grand jury hearings, it is certain that politically and administratively conditions in Chicago are rotten to the core. The official organ of the police force says in its current issue that at least 20 per cent of the men on the force are corrupt and ought to be in the penitentiary. This estimate is very conservative. Only a few years ago a commissioner of police said publicly that in his opinion 50 per cent of the force were corrupt. The gangs carry hundreds of police officers on their pay rolls. Occasionally a book of tell-tale addresses—addresses of patrons, of kept and bribed officers—is found on the body of a dead gangster or in a raid. The little incriminating black book is at once destroyed by the police. The breweries and speakeasies, the sumptuous gambling establishments, the shady hotels, to say nothing of the thousands of cheap and filthy dens, severally pay for protection. They pay in more ways than one. They send checks to party bosses, to political machines, to influential candidates. They have friends in the highest official circles. They are not without pull on the bench. In these circumstances it is no holiday task for any grand jury and group of prosecutors to follow up clews mercilessly and successfully. Many people will refuse to testify. Some will perjure themselves. Racketeers will enter passionate denials of guilt, and adequate proof against them will demand more time, energy, skill, and devotion to the truth than we can reasonably hope for in these troubled times.

I have said that the Chicago public is quite apathetic despite the reign of lawless gangs and their great, far-reaching political power. This apathy is understandable. For years every local governing body has been justly accused of waste, theft, and every kind of rascality. There have been indictments, trials, and exposures. Few of the rascals have been punished, and the prosecution of the crooked officials has been dilatory, languid, ineffective, and glaringly insincere. When every local government is believed to be a nest of cynical spoils, if not a den of plunderers and blackmailers, when criminal and civil proceedings against faithless officials are permitted to lag and die of inanition and neglect, if not of sabotage, the average citizen is prepared to believe that the poison has spread to and profoundly corrupted even the organs of public opinion. The public is ready to believe that scores of newspapermen have yielded to the temptations thrust under their noses and increased their small incomes by forcing the division with them of the blackmail levied upon various trades and occupations. The newspaper passion for scoops, for fresh sensations, for exciting news has led to practices which lend color, superficially, to the wholesale charges of reportorial and editorial racketeering.

The situation calls for a vigorous and unsparing house-cleaning, for an inquiry under the guidance of an independent, courageous, and resourceful special prosecutor. It is a question whether the politicians would favor or tolerate such an inquiry. It is a question whether all the local newspapers really want it. Some do, undoubtedly, and some probably do not. The situation calls also for an intelligent and candid inquiry into the causes of the prevalent and triumphant corruption. Cant and humbug must be eschewed, and the facts faced and set forth. Is the Chicago press ready to embark upon such a delicate and difficult enterprise? I doubt it.

Mr. Villard's ninth article on The Press Today, which was announced for this issue, will appear instead in The Nation *for July 30.*—Editor The Nation.

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What I Believe

By J. B. S. HALDANE

I AM a representative of the generation whose finest members died in the great war. As a child I was not brought up in the tenets of any religion, but in a household where science and philosophy took the place of faith. As a boy I had very free access to contemporary thought, so that I do not today find Einstein unintelligible or Freud shocking. As a youth I fought through the war, and learned to appreciate sides of human character with which the ordinary intellectual is not brought into contact. As a man I am a biologist, and see the world from an angle which gives me an unaccustomed perspective, but not, I think, a wholly misleading one.

In describing in so little space the world as I see it I cannot avoid being dogmatic. I do not doubt that some of the statements which I am going to make are false. A survey of the beliefs which intelligent men in the past have held as certainties makes that sufficiently clear. One cannot order one's life without a set of beliefs of some kind. But the intellectually honest man must recognize the utterly provisional nature of his beliefs. So when I make an apparently definite statement I must ask you to put before it some such words as "It seems to me very probable that." I will now try to state my point of view.

Man lives in two worlds—the visible world which changes with time and an invisible world whose constituents do not change. But both worlds can only be described as they appear to us, that is, from a human and imperfect standpoint. Among the components of the invisible world are the realities corresponding to mathematical statements like $16 + 9 = 25$. This is a statement of fact as real as the Albert Memorial, which any sane person must recognize when it is pointed out to him. But unlike the Albert Memorial it was a reality 10,000 years ago and will be 10,000 years hence. There are also invisible realities corresponding to scientific laws, and I think also to our general notions of what is beautiful and good. These latter realities are harder to apprehend because we approach them through a mist of emotion.

We know very little about what may be called the geography of the invisible world. The religions, if I may continue the metaphor, have covered the vacant spaces of its map with imaginary monsters; the philosophies have ruled them with equally imaginary parallels of latitude. But both have affirmed, in opposition to the so-called practical man, that the meaning of the visible world is to be found in the invisible. That has been the secret of their success. They have failed when they tried either to describe the details of the visible world or to dictate the details of conduct in it. The churches are half empty today because their creeds are full of obsolete science, and their ethical codes are suited for a social organization far simpler than that of today. But they still command the support of some intelligent people because, amid a world of transitory interests, they support in some measure the claims of the ideal. I am not a member of any religious body because I find those claims supported elsewhere. If I thought that the aims of science and art were merely material I should belong to some church. But I believe that the scientist is trying to express absolute truth and the artist absolute beauty, so that I find in them, and in an attempt to lead a good life, all the religion that I need.

I have not very much use for people who are not in touch with the invisible world. At best they are good animals, and too often not even that. The men and women who have done best both for themselves and for their fellows are those who have brought these worlds into relation. We can hear music by radio today because James Clark Maxwell fifty-six years ago embodied an extremely important set of properties of electro-magnetic waves in a set of equations. Those equations represent an eternal truth—something in the invisible world. Their discovery rendered wireless communication possible. If you do not make any contact with this timeless world (in other words, have no inner life) you have at best a very precarious hold on happiness. Given that contact, you enjoy a very considerable security from the results of misfortune in the visible world, and a complete immunity from boredom.

One does not come naturally to the realization of eternal truths and values. One is brought there by education in the widest sense. It is one of my principal functions to teach certain scientific truths to students at Cambridge University. Many of them are both able and eager to learn. But others are neither the one nor the other. Under our present economic system they are enabled to come to Cambridge because their parents are wealthy. By so doing they keep out others who are better qualified intellectually to learn, and more willing to do so. As a teacher I cannot support a social system which is responsible for this injustice. We have got rid of physical starvation. We still have intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual starvation, which to my mind are greater evils than any mere economic inequality. Until our educational system is so altered as to give a fair deal to every boy and girl who desires a first-rate education and is capable of benefiting by it, my political views are likely to remain, as they are now, on the left.

There is a worse evil than intellectual starvation, and that is the deliberate suppression of free thought and free speech. I rejoice to live in a country where this evil, though it exists, is less serious than in most other countries. But I believe that even in England freedom of publication is unduly restricted in the names of decency and morality. There is much more liberty in this respect across the Channel, and no one who has worked beside the French in peace and fought beside them in war can accuse them of degeneracy. So many new ideas are at first strange and horrible, though ultimately valuable, that a very heavy responsibility rests upon those who would prevent their dissemination.

I now turn from the world of ideas to the visible world. I am a biologist, that is to say, I study the nature of living creatures, and I naturally look at things from a biological point of view. I feel at home in the world because I know that the other animals, and the plants, too, are my blood rela-

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tions. Even the inert matter has mostly been alive in the past. When I look at a limestone mountain I realize that, forbidding as it appears, it was made by countless billions of my microscopic fellow-creatures. What is more surprising, I think that I can even have some very dim inkling of what it feels like to be limestone. We know material objects in general from the outside. We know our own bodies from the inside. Just as everyone knows what it feels like to be hot, so I know from my own personal experience what it feels like to consist of an abnormally large or small amount of calcium carbonate, of which the limestone mountain is built. In this concrete and detailed way I feel my relationship to the world around me.

As a biologist I am interested in my body. Most people are only interested in anything below their skins when they are ill. I like to study the performance of mine as my friends do that of their motor cycles or receiving sets. It amuses me to know what my heart does when I run upstairs, or how quickly my fingernails grow. To a biologist even a toothache can be interesting. Naturally I regard health as extremely important, far more so than wealth, and I shall regard my life as well spent if I can do a little by research and education to make my fellow-creatures healthier. There is still an immense amount to be learned about health, but if what is at present known to a few were part of the general knowledge the average expectation of life could probably be increased by about ten years. Two difficulties lie in the way—ignorance and the dissemination of falsehoods. To take a simple example of the latter. Enormous sums are spent in advertising medicines and "health foods" which are generally useless and often dangerous. A widely advertised vitamin preparation contains, besides vitamins, a substance definitely poisonous to children. Under the law of the land I might have to pay thousands of pounds in damages if I mentioned the preparation in question, even if my statement were true. On the other hand I am at liberty to say publicly that diphtheria antitoxin is useless, which is a plain lie.

Now for an example of the prevailing ignorance. When a father advises his son on a choice of occupation he is generally guided mainly by economic, and partly by ethical, considerations. He wants his son to avoid bad wages and bad company. He does not think about bad health, though he may be impressed by the risk of violent death. Yet the health of different occupations differs to an extraordinary extent, and the average man knows very little about the risks of even his own job, let alone his neighbor's. Otherwise no sane man would take up such an occupation as that of metal grinder or barman, with a mortality double that of the average man, when he might become a carpenter or a railwayman, and thus enjoy an expectation of life above the average. Our rulers are equally ignorant of these matters. Protective duties and subsidies are granted quite impartially to healthy occupations like agriculture, and unhealthy such as the cutlery trade. When this is opposed it is opposed on economic grounds and never because, by encouraging an unhealthy trade, you are condemning some of your fellow-countrymen to death. All parties agree in putting economic considerations before biological; wealth before health. I could give you plenty more examples of this ignorance if space permitted.

Even a healthy man or woman is incomplete. For a large number of men the main interest in life, the main object of their desires, the main source of their satisfaction, is woman. For me the fascination of woman is only second to that of science. In most cases man's interest in woman culminates in marriage. Provided it does not then cease the marriage is generally a success. Successful marriage requires a certain effort by both husband and wife. But speaking as a happily married man, I can assure you that no other effort is so amply rewarded. Marriage has a biological basis and would be far more often a success if its biology were generally understood and the knowledge acted on. But you can only study the physiology of marriage against a background of general human physiology. If you do so the facts fit into their proper places. If not you get a distorted and unhealthy view of them.

The psychological, even the intellectual, benefits of marriage seem to me to be enormous. If a man has lived for some years in the closest intimacy with a woman he learns to look at life from her point of view as well as his own. A man who cannot do this is like a man blind in one eye. He does not appreciate the solidity and depth of the world before him. The ideas I am now putting forward are largely my wife's, or at any rate family ideas, rather than my own private productions. The unmarried woman is perhaps even worse off than the unmarried man; and few women seem to me to be psychologically complete till they have become mothers. During the Middle Ages Europe was far too much influenced by celibate men. Today much too big a part in public life is played by the celibate woman and too little by mothers. I find few ideas more genuinely disgusting than that of many education authorities that a woman ceases to be suitable as a teacher when she becomes a mother. Because I have so high an opinion of marriage at its best, I think that it should be possible to terminate it if it fails for any of a number of reasons, instead of, as now, for one only. This is called undermining the sanctity of marriage.

Marriage generally brings children. Everyone will agree that it would be an evil if the birth-rate of this country were halved, in which case the population would rapidly fall, or doubled, in which case it would increase too quickly. But they will disagree whether too many or too few children are born at present. I do not know myself, though I am clear that too many children are born in the slums, too few in the well-to-do suburbs. But we shall not arrive at a sensible solution of the population problem till we realize that it is a question of numbers, like the design of a motor car or the feeding of a nation, and cannot be settled by an appeal to abstract principles alone.

Our present educational system is unjust to children because the majority of them do not get a fair chance, and practically none are taught the truths of science from a human point of view. Science teaching should begin, not with a mythical body in rest or uniform motion, but with the human body. Mine did so begin when I was three years old.

Between different men and women there are immense differences which no amount of education can overcome. I do not believe that any training could have made Ramsay MacDonald into Jack Hobbs, or vice versa. The ideal society would enable every man and woman to make the best of their inborn possibilities. Hence it must have two

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characteristics: first, liberty, which would allow people to develop along their individual lines and not attempt to force all into one mold, however admirable; second, equality of opportunity, which would mean that, as far as is humanly possible, every man and woman would be able to obtain the position in society for which they were best suited by nature. The waste of human beings under our present system is a far worse evil than any merely economic waste. I believe in democracy because equality of opportunity is impossible where inherited rank or wealth is important, but for no other reason. I do not know what would be the ideal form of government in a community where that equality had been achieved. Democracy appeals to me, not as an end in itself, but as the most hopeful route to a classless society. In a classless society eugenic measures could be enforced by the state with little injustice. Today this would not be possible. We do not know in most cases how far social failure and success are due to heredity and how far to environment. And environment seems to be as yet the easier of the two to improve.

I am a citizen of the British Empire, which includes the great Dominions. My highbrow friends complain that the Dominions have produced little great art or literature. I answer that at least they have done something unique. Before the war the average expectation of life of a baby born in New Zealand was sixty years, in Australia fifty-seven years, in Denmark, the next healthiest country, fifty-six years. England also ran. Since then other countries have caught up to a large extent, but New Zealand and Australia still seem to be leading. I am proud to belong to a Commonwealth which has won the first and second places in the great race against death.

I am also a European, and proud of it. Europe is sick today, but it is at least making some attempt to cure that sickness by a federal union of its states. And it still leads the world in science, literature, art, and music. In methods of production the United States are ahead of us, and many Europeans think that we should copy them. When my wife and I were in Moscow last year we saw only two propaganda films. One was against alcohol, the other showed the manufacture of Ford cars. I take a different view for the following reason. Since 1921 the death-rate of Americans at every age from thirty upwards has been increasing steadily. In England this is of course not so. Whether as the result of hustle, prohibition, or the spread of medical cults which reject the results of science, America is at present heading for death, and not life. Europe has much to learn from America, a little even from Asia, but I do not think that we should imitate either of these continents.

Moreover, I am British, and, what is more remarkable, though of Scottish origin I believe in England. At the present moment our country counts for less in international politics than during the last century. Nevertheless some of our ideas and practices are at present conquering the world. In Moscow, which has rejected the great British invention of parliament, there was a word which I constantly noticed on posters. It was not "soviet," or "red," or "revolution," but when speaking, "football," rather oddly spelled "phutbol." The same is happening all over the world. Spanish bullfighters are becoming center forwards. German students are taking to football instead of slashing one another's faces. And with British sport goes the ethical code called sportsmanship, which future historians may perhaps consider as a British invention as important as parliaments and railways. I hope to see British sport conquer most of the world. But I am no narrow patriot and would welcome a French invasion of the British kitchen.

England is only likely to regain her former preeminence if we can be ten years ahead of the rest of the world in industry, as we were a century ago. We should of course reorganize our industries, but other countries have already done so. We shall not regain our place by doing so. We have no great undeveloped mineral resources. But we have undeveloped human resources, especially among the children of the skilled-artisan class. Our best hope for the future lies in giving these children a chance to become Watts and Stephensons.

Finally I am a human being, a citizen of the world, which applied science is daily unifying. My own profession of scientific research knows no frontiers and no color bars. Japanese, Indians, and Chinese, as well as Europeans and Americans, are, or have been, among my colleagues. I am naturally in favor of any measures tending to unify humanity and prevent war. But my views as to the best methods of achieving these aims are not informed by sufficient knowledge to be worth stating.

I am glad that I live today and not at any time in the past. In the 4,000 years before about 1800 A.D. civilization had spread over a gradually widening area, but its quality had not greatly improved. A century ago in England children were hanged for theft, and the men of the ruling class habitually drank themselves under the table. Neither of these evils existed in Ur of the Chaldees 4,000 years earlier. In the last century we have doubled our average expectation of life, quadrupled our average real wage, and vastly improved our education and morals. This has been made possible, in the main, by the application of science. Today the whole form of civilization is changing. We are trying unheard-of experiments. The great experiment of socialism is being tried in Russia and will doubtless be tried elsewhere. We meet with huge and unexpected accidents like the great war. We shall go on having such accidents so long as our rulers are not merely ignorant of science, but think on prescientific lines. (You will remember how the Kaiser talked of the war in terms of "shining armor," and Mr. Asquith of "unsheathed swords.") We have got to learn to think scientifically, not only about inanimate things, but about ourselves and one another. It is possible to do so. A single mind can acquire a fair knowledge of the whole field of science, and find plenty of time to spare for ordinary human affairs. Not many people take the trouble to do so. But without a knowledge of science one cannot understand current events. That is why modern literature and art are mostly so unreal.

We live in a dangerous age, but an extraordinarily interesting one. History is being made on a vaster scale than ever before. For humanity as a whole I am hopeful. For England I am only moderately hopeful, though I believe that if we are willing to adapt ourselves to new conditions of life we may yet be as great a nation as ever. But even if I am killed in the destruction of London during the next war or the British revolution, I hope that I shall find time to think as I die, "I am glad that I lived when and where I did. It was a good show."

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"Mine Own with Usury"

The Investment Trust

By J. G. CURTIS

TO get an idea of what an investment trust really is one might begin with a story in the Gospel according to St. Matthew about a man who wanted some of his money looked after while he was away on a trip. He wisely spread his riches, placing this money in three separate trusts. In two of these it was doubled; in one he gained nothing at all. He was viciously angry about the third one. "Thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not," he exclaimed to his trustee, "and gather where I have not strawed. Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury."

It is a distinguishing characteristic of our culture that the servants or trustees with whom we place our money are almost invariably corporations. Most commonly they are banks, which are the simplest form of investment trust although they are not conventionally thought of as such. The bank depositor's money goes indistinguishably with other depositors' money into common funds which are invested in loans, mortgages, and securities; and from the income on those diversified investments the depositor is paid his usury, which in these un-Biblical days is about 4 per cent. Either because he is timid or because he doesn't know any better, he leaves his money there and satisfies himself with his low return. Assuming that he is timid or doesn't know any better or both, this is an extremely wise thing for him to do.

Whatever the bankers can make on his money over and above the 4 per cent they pay him he lets them keep without question. But after a while his timidity is outgrown and his knowledge is increased by stories he hears of the money other people are making on securities. He decides to try something of the sort himself. Statistics indicate that he probably will buy some shares of stock without being adequately advised or informed as to their real value and the conditions likely to influence their price; and by this technically lamb-like act he will make of himself food for bears, who in the neighborhood of stock exchanges are unhesitatingly carnivorous.

But whether or not the small investor is so unfortunate as to find his stock has gone down in price when for one reason or another he has to sell it, he will have heard that there are people who know all about stocks and are excessively clever traders, and that these clever people will accept his money, make it part of a large fund, and operate that fund so profitably that even the increase on his small share will make him rich. Because he is perfectly sure that somebody must know more about General Motors, National Biscuit, American Cyanamid, or Sears Roebuck than he does, he gives his money to one of these groups of clever people and receives therefor a certificate for an appropriate number of shares in the fund. This fund is sometimes called irreverently a "blind pool"; reverently it is called an investment trust; more accurately it is called a trading company. Two hundred years ago people invested in "a scheme, the purpose of which is to be announced later," and have been called ridiculous ever since in histories of speculation. Today their descendants constantly do the same thing without exciting any risibility whatever.

The clever people who manage this fund in which our investor has put his money make a small charge for their services, which is in effect deducted before his profits are paid him. He has thus exactly reversed the conditions under which he kept his money in the bank: then he accepted a small agreed return, 4 per cent, and let the bankers keep all they could make above that; now it is the investment managers who accept the small per cent and it is he who keeps everything else. His advantage under the latter scheme is obvious, but what about the clever people who have made his advantage possible? Are they impelled by sheer nobility, or have they too some advantage of a recondite sort? In the first place, they have the advantage of not being responsible if their cleverness fails them and there is a loss instead of a gain. What is far more important, they have the control of funds with which they can buy and sell their own securities in a perfectly legal and highly profitable way. Most of them, that is, are persons already in the business of "manufacturing" securities. They are what are called "banking houses," and their function is largely to furnish long-term financing to industry. In other words, if the Bering Sea Power Company or the Little America Whaleries, Inc., wants more capital the banking house will arrange to sell the necessary stock; and because the knack of inducing people to buy stock under competitive conditions is both necessary and rare, the successful banking houses are able to charge large fees and make prodigious profits. It is a matter of frequent occurrence, however, that some of the stock issues for which they are sponsor are not successful, and they are forced to hold the stock themselves or buy some of it back, in order to protect their reputation as vendors of good securities. In addition to this, they are constantly trading in existing issues of stock, just as any speculator might do except that they have exceptional advantages of shrewdness and information. They can therefore very conveniently utilize a large fund of other peoples' money, especially when it is costing them nothing. And meanwhile the other people are happy in the thought that they are sharing in the profits of the great financiers. Some persons are as naive as that.

Of course there are plenty of men and women who are justified in speculating in this type of investment trust as much as in anything else. The trouble is that numerically most of the people who are speculating shouldn't be doing it at all, even under the delusion that they are battening off the generosity of the insiders. They should be going to the investment trusts that are dissociated from the promotion

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of securities and that select their securities for bona fide investment. There are several such—the only difficulty is that the person who is ignorant in such matters does not know whom to believe. For the purest type of investment trust service, however, one should choose concerns that have as much interest in grinding their customer's ax as in grinding their own, and that do not fail to maintain a just diversification.

From the foregoing it is apparent what diverse things may be called "investment trusts," depending upon what the managers of the trust are allowed to do with the money intrusted to them. There are some holding companies, such as the Transamerica Corporation, which are sometimes called investment trusts, though their primary function is to own and operate subsidiaries. With equal license almost any organization might be called an investment trust, from the Travelers Insurance Company, which is a large owner of diversified securities, to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which controls the associated Bell telephone companies, and the Western Electric Company. It may even be said that the stock of such organizations represents a better diversification of assets than do the shares of some properly so-called investment trusts, which in spite of what they are called do not put investment before speculation; even though they nominally employ their funds in the purchase of diversified securities they are by no means devised primarily in the investor's interest. They are devised in the interest of those who manage them, and they are engines of speculation, not of investment.

The claim made by all of them is that they spread the risk for the investor by backing his investment with many securities instead of a few, and that they give him the benefit of a skilful professional management. It is a good claim, and if the investor could be confident that it was justified he would be fortunate, for it is true that diversification of investment is invaluable and it is true that professionals are better at investment than amateurs are. But after all who is interested in mere investment? Who is satisfied with 4 per cent, or 10, or 100? What intelligent person in an acquisitive society is content with less than his own with usury? As a matter of fact, a few appear to be, but so few that they create no conspicuous demand for investment experts. The demand is for speculative experts who can double our money. And these experts find that the apparatus of the investment trust, admirable for the investment needs of the great mass of small investors, is just as admirable for speculative purposes, and has the enchantment of novelty for the person with a few dollars who wants to double them.

The trouble is that finding the best investment trust or the best investment is like trying to select the best doctor plus trying to select the best basket of strawberries from the grocer's display. Ignorance and avarice unite to the confusion of judgment. It is possible that as we get somewhere nearer an equality of wealth the material needs of life may be more temperately satisfied and the procedure of investment may become as readily mastered as the manipulation of an automobile or a radio. But since we are still far short of that time, the person who quite reasonably thinks he would like to have more than 4 per cent on his savings—or even than 4¾ per cent, which one bank pays—will continue to look for an investment trust. But he should not feel satisfied when he finds something which calls itself that. Before he puts his money in the capable hands of the manager he should ask: "Have you any stuff of your own that you are going to put this money of mine into?"

Nine times out of ten the investment-trust manager will smile frankly and say yes. And nine times out of ten the modest investor will give him his money anyway.

The Hague Codification Conference

By EDWIN M. BORCHARD

THE first Conference for the Codification of International Law called by the League of Nations to codify the subjects of nationality, territorial waters, and responsibility of states for injuries to aliens adjourned at The Hague on April 12 after a four weeks' session. After five years of preparatory work, with voluminous documentation, by committees of experts of the League in cooperation with the governments represented, these three subjects were selected as presumably ripe for codification. Some forty-seven states were represented at The Hague, including members and non-members of the League. The delegates and technical advisers were divided into three groups or commissions, one dealing with each of the three subjects.

Notwithstanding four weeks of almost daily conference, the results achieved were very slim. On the subject of nationality the goal of the conference was to eliminate, so far as possible, cases of dual nationality and statelessness (no nationality) arising out of the many conflicts of internal law on nationality. A narrow convention was agreed upon, which the United States alone voted against, together with three protocols and eight recommendations. On the subjects of territorial waters and the responsibility of states the differences proved so great that no convention was voted, the conference contenting itself merely with reports indicating inability to agree.

In the field of nationality each state has its own laws, resulting, of course, in innumerable cases of dual nationality and statelessness. The reduction of these conflicts can come only through international agreement. The majority of the states at The Hague agreed to a few rules. Of these the following are of general interest: diplomatic protection by one state against the other state of a person having two nationalities was prohibited; easier methods were agreed upon for renouncing that one of two nationalities with which a dual national is least closely connected; expatriation permits, if required by a country, shall be given effect in other countries—a provision which was mainly responsible for the negative vote of the United States; women marrying aliens shall not lose their nationality unless they acquire their husbands' nationality; moreover, in order for a wife to lose her nationality *during* marriage by a change

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in her husband's nationality, her consent shall be required—a concession from traditional Continental rules. Several provisions were adopted concerning the nationality of children, including illegitimate children, foundlings, adopted children, and children of ambassadors and consuls.

Three separate protocols were adopted. One of these, providing that a dual national who habitually resides in one of his countries shall be exempt from military obligations in the other, would, if ratified, be of great importance to the United States. The program of the National Woman's Party—that nationality laws shall make no distinction in the matter of sex—was rejected, although one of the recommendations of the conference commends this question to the study of the governments. But the conference adhered to tradition and upheld the alleged unity of the family by agreeing that the woman, on marriage, takes the nationality of her husband if by his law she acquires it. This is less than the Cable Act grants, and it may have influenced the United States not to sign. How much of the convention and protocols will be ratified is problematical. Nations do not change their laws too readily and the Woman's Party has declared war upon the convention.

In the fields of territorial waters and responsibility of states the situation was very different. A long development of international practice and decisions of many arbitral tribunals had established certain rules of international law on these subjects which it was proposed now to codify in legislative form. The futility of the effort soon became apparent, for a considerable number of the states desired to modify international law—in other words, disagreed with the majority as to the governing rules of law. For example, twelve states advanced the proposition that the three-mile limit of marginal seas was not fixed under international law, and that the proper zone should be deemed a belt of four, six, or twelve miles. The countries differed further on the question of a contiguous zone of water in which certain supplementary jurisdiction might be exercised for the protection of the territorial state. Several of the great Powers refused to concede either the legal existence or the propriety of such a contiguous zone, arguing that the line of division between territorial sea and contiguous zone would soon vanish and the territorial sea be insidiously extended. They professed willingness, however, to conclude special treaties—for instance, treaties with the United States dealing with the smuggling of liquor—as circumstances might require.

On the question of responsibility of states the eight Latin American countries which were represented, together with some nine additional states, declined to admit that a state could be internationally responsible for unauthorized acts of officials which violated international law; they declined to admit state responsibility for damages arising from failure to punish a person who assaults an alien; they declined to admit that they were liable for lack of due diligence in protecting an alien against injury to any greater extent that in protecting their own nationals. While there is much to say for these views, a different attitude toward this question has developed in international law. Thus there arose at the conference a conflict between those who sought to sustain fairly well-supported views of international law and those who dissented from those rules and sought to write their dissent into new legislation.

It is not surprising, therefore, that on territorial waters and responsibility of states no agreement was reached. The record of the conference, indeed, throws doubt on the feasibility of codification even in those branches of law which have attained a certain maturity. Codification is difficult enough when there is scientific difference of opinion as to what the law is. In this case there was a political attempt to break down well-established or generally recognized rules by professing that they were not rules, that particular states had not recognized them, or that they were too harsh in their restrictions on certain states. Some opinion in fact developed at the conference to the effect that the opposition of a considerable number of states to rules which arbitral decisions and the majority of states have supported has possibly weakened the generally accepted rules by throwing doubt upon their validity. Thus, a conference called for the purpose of restatement and clarification of international law seems to have constituted for some states an opportunity to weaken, modify, or dissent from existing international law.

In any event, it is possible that the views expressed in such an international forum will affect the future development of international law, possibly to its detriment. The outcome of the conference on the three subjects considered justifies the view expressed by numerous students that codification on subjects developed by case law presents insuperable difficulties, and that the open expression of differences is worse for international relations than their tacit suppression—another illustration that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie. Indeed, perhaps any attempt to codify such subjects is unwise. Strange as it may seem, the greatest amount of agreement was reached on the subject least controlled by international law, namely, nationality, in which internal legislation has almost a free hand. On the other two subjects, generally considered to be regulated by seasoned international law, fundamental disagreement arose as to what are the rules of international law.

The subjects that seem most susceptible of codification are those dealing with new matter, such as air law, radio, and submarines; matter so old and settled that it has lost political significance, such as slavery, piracy, consuls, and diplomatic officers; or matter mainly of administrative interest, such as rules of navigation and the procedure for submitting agreed disputes to arbitration. Topics exciting political susceptibilities are difficult to negotiate. Unusual as it may appear, rules governing war and neutrality have been more readily codified than most others, partly because they have so often and so widely been called into application; and the wonder is, not that such rules have on occasion been violated, but that they have been so generally observed. Disagreement as to rule or interpretation still exists on numerous topics, as, for instance, on the transfer of flag, and no definite rule exists on many essential topics, such as the nature of articles deemed contraband.

Whether international relations have been improved by the conference is doubtful. It has, however, served a useful purpose in disclosing the limitations of codification and in substituting practical evidence for hypotheses, suppositions, and inferences. It is perhaps a little early to suggest all the lessons to be derived from the conference, but it is possible that codification will arouse less ill-considered enthusiasm in the future than it has in the past.

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In the Driftway

THIS is the season, next to Christmas, most favored for family reunions. In wooded groves from Maine to the Middle West to California the clans are gathering. It is many years since the Drifter acted, all at the same time, the roles of first, second, and third cousin, of uncle, nephew, and grandson, but he is sure that the family reunion, though perhaps scarcer than it was, has not changed its character. Children are chucked under unwilling chins and told that they "favor" their Aunt Martha. The younger generation is bored and a little scornful of it all and a little ashamed of some of the people who have turned out to be relatives, but they, too, will come willingly in time. A husky farmer, coming upon a dignified city cousin whom he has not seen for twenty-five years, shakes her strenuously by the hand and says, in the words of a reunionist the Drifter once overheard, "My, Jane, how you have broke!" Meanwhile, as each load of relatives arrives, the long tables under the trees are stacked higher and higher with fried chicken, angel-food cake, mustard pickles, jellies and jams and apple pies—all home-made from recipes that will provide comparative conversation during the long afternoon for those middle-aged matrons who are the backbone of any family reunion.

* * * * *

AS one goes west, the family, like the population, diminishes in numbers until in the farther regions of the Rockies, what with the great distances and the migratory instinct of the human young, it would be hard to muster a scant half-hundred people who are related to one another. The last reunion the Drifter attended took place west of the Rockies, and though he always thinks of it as a family reunion it was technically not a family gathering at all. It was a reunion, in a little Western town, of the first settlers of the surrounding country. But ties as strong as blood and stronger united its participants. A twig of sagebrush worn in the coat lapel or pinned to a silk dress was the badge of honor that day, and none but a bona fide first settler was allowed to wear it. The youngest of these was more than sixty, the oldest was near eighty. To all of them life on a frontier had been a familiar reality. All of them had known what it was to be afraid of wild Indians; most of them had felt the stubborn resistance of sagebrush roots to a grubbing hoe; in isolated cow towns, as boys and girls, they had danced many a night out together. That day they danced together again, Virginia reels and quadrilles on the campus of a State college their hard-earned money had helped to establish.

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BUT to return to the family reunion. Already the Drifter hears the scratching of pens bent on convincing him that the family, and therefore the family reunion, does not and cannot exist in modern America. The Drifter admits that the family as a social institution is in an advanced stage of disintegration. And that is just as well. But the reality behind the institution persists. As a precious human relationship, stripped of the weight of authority and tradition that has formalized and deadened it, the family will persist, the Drifter suspects, as long as parents have children and children have children of their own.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Defeat the London Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have recently sat in on discussions in several committees of radical pacifist organizations considering the London naval treaty. I am amazed at the moral and intellectual confusion it has created. Disinclination to oppose a treaty which lays the legal basis for a billion-dollar naval increase is obviously due to fear of being lined up with the admirals and the Navy League.

Here we have the spectacle of left-wing pacifists openly or tacitly supporting a treaty which will certainly be used to urge and justify unparalleled additions to a navy already greater than is needed for any defensive war, the only war pacifists contemplate under the Kellogg pact. Worse, we find them supporting, or not opposing, a treaty which does not even in principle limit naval armaments; the escape clause, the "escalator," tends to that. The best they can say for the treaty is that it stops naval competition between the three greatest naval Powers, provided some other Power does not start them all off again.

Is history to record that because the admirals howl against any limitation whatever to their mad plans, no peace organization dare raise its voice against the treaty and for real limitation? Will history record that all American pacifist organizations were so barren of fighting idealism and so politically naive that they took the morally defenseless position of supporting the treaty only to oppose thereafter the very naval increases the treaty permits? The admirals will lick them. The navy will be increased. Parity with Britain will be a tempting invitation to a war for which the economic base is already well laid.

Is thus to be revealed the bankruptcy of the middle-class liberals, of the radical pacifists? Are there none among them uncompromising enough, irreconcilable enough, to demand for their own moral salvation, if not for practical results, the defeat of the treaty, and ceaselessly to insist on a new international agreement for immediate and progressive disarmament?

Boston, July 1 ROGER BALDWIN

Investigate the Republicans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We conservatives of the Middle West are watching with interest the Congressional investigation of the activities of the "reds" in America. We are not in sympathy with the Communist attitude of sticking up their heads to have them walloped by Republican police clubs. We think rather they should wait until they can apply the club to the other fellow's head. We are not concerned much over the attempt of the Communists to get control of our affairs. Their control could not possibly be worse than the rule of the Republican Party.

The present aggregation of treasury-looters and crooked politicians hold the world record for downright depravity in public office. They have stolen and squandered billions of the people's money, traded the oil reserves of the nation for a suitcase full of greenbacks and taken the interest money for their own use, sold post offices, corrupted the electorate, and are annually collecting billions of dollars in graft in the form of taxes and appropriating it to their own use and that of their friends and relatives.

Why investigate the reds? It is the Republicans that should be investigated.

Springfield, Ill., July 7 DUNCAN MCDONALD

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Santo Domingo's Anniversary

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Owing to the celebration of the sixth anniversary of the restoration of our national government, we entreat you to accept our homage and thanks for the noble aid you have given the Dominican people and government.

Santo Domingo, July 13 Estrella Urena, President

The Lingle Case and the Press

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The treatment of the Lingle murder in Chicago by the local and national press brings out more strongly than ever the need for an honestly fearless and genuinely independent daily newspaper in the United States.

As soon as the story of the reporter's death went out over the press service wires, paper after paper went into hysterics over a supposed martyr to civic reform. Even the *Literary Digest* wallowed in a wave of hypocritical indignation. Meanwhile, Chicagoans drink Capone beer and rich business men continue to buy case goods, in the face of a plea by the local chamber of commerce that citizens deprive gangsters of their income by boycotting their products.

Paul Blanshard, in his *Nation* article Who Killed Jake Lingle? has cut through all the fake sob-stuff of the local moral pillars and has given an honest and accurate analysis of the whole affair. He has spoken for the majority of Chicagoans—something no local paper has done so far.

Most of the pleas made for a liberal daily in the United States have been based upon the argument for greater liberty and honesty in presenting labor and other controversial and unpopular viewpoints. The Lingle murder case, an ordinary news story, shows how hopelessly single-track is the mind of the press of this country.

Chicago, June 30 Chicagoan

That Colombian Election

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Colombia has just been through a tempestuous election period, and like our correspondent Mr. Sanín Cano, in your issue of July 9, I am surprised at *The Nation's* failure to comment upon it.

I am just back from a four months' trip through that country, and I had occasion to see the clerical influence at work. Colombia is the most priest-ridden nation in the world; in spite of the intense poverty of its people, costly cathedrals are being built and ambassadors as well as large contributions are being sent to the Vatican. Colombia gained its independence from Spain to become a colony of the Pope!

It was during the last campaign for the presidency that the influence of Rome could be seen at its worst. Telegraph companies had to hire special help to handle the daily messages to and from the Pope. Until now, the Archbishop's candidate has always been elected. A few days before the last election the Archbishop posted all over the country manifestos exhorting the people to refrain from voting the liberal ticket and threatening them with excommunication, or its equivalent, if they did so. I brought with me (and they are at your disposal) hundreds of newspaper clippings showing the great part the church takes in politics. Some of them are so shameless that they would make even the most ardent American Catholic blush! Nevertheless, Olaya Herrera, the liberal candidate, won, after forty-five years of clerical rule. He won because the people were tired of being fed on hokum, were tired of starvation in a rich and fertile land, and welcomed any change.

Olaya Herrera is the man who can best pull Colombia out of its present chaos, but no matter how good his intentions are, his liberalism must perforce be tempered; he has to contend with masses brought up in the crudest and most primitive form of Christianity, and it takes more than one presidential term to eradicate fanaticism and ignorance. However, the working classes are gradually awaking and we may still see the day when state and church will be separated. Not until then can we hope for any real progress in Colombia.

Brooklyn, July 8 J. M. E.

Another English Subscriber

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As another English subscriber I beg to differ with E. Williamson's criticism of *The Nation* for its attitude on Indian and Egyptian affairs. *The Nation* might be wrong in detail occasionally—to be entirely correct all the time does not lie within the scope of human possibility—but its report on British affairs in the East I find to be generally precise in principle. I am not going to permit my status as an Englishman to blind me to the injustices and maladministration which have been inflicted on the Indian masses since the British East India Company obtained almost absolute authority in that benighted country. The British have no right to be "endeavoring to lead the Sudanese to self-government." The Sudanese already possessed self-government when my (and E. Williamson's) progenitors were disputing the very same question with Caesar's Roman legions nearly two thousand years ago. The Philippines are having the same controversy with the United States government also. E. Williamson might like to camouflage British abuses in India beneath hairsplitting arguments. We are more concerned with principles.

I am concerned with logic and the principles which have their foundation on common justice and the right to live. I repudiate and deny the right of any foreign government to dictate to India, just in the same way that I repudiate and deny the right of the Indians or any foreign Power to govern my native Manchester.

New York, July 7 H. Spencer, Jr.

Communists and Deportation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Ever since Judge Thacher's decision releasing the alien Voich, the press has generally suggested that this opinion established "that mere membership in the Communist Party does not make an alien deportable." This probably explains why the annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union fell into error on this point.

As the attorney for Voich I feel called upon to correct this error, both in the interest of presenting the law correctly and of making Judge Thacher's position clear. Judge Thacher held that there was no evidence in the record that Voich was a member of the Communist Party. He did say, however: "The relator consorted with radical agitators, and no doubt sympathized with their views; but this is not enough to warrant his deportation, unless prejudice is to take the place of proof."

New York, June 9 Carol Weiss King

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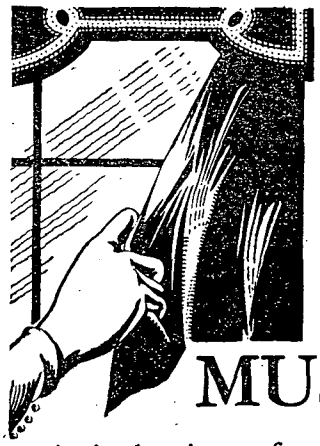

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One Farmer Approves

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the tariff bill is unsatisfactory to the Northwest it is nevertheless better than no bill at all. No farmer buys in an equal amount to what he sells. On an average his tax and interest bills absorb a large part of his revenues. These will be very little affected by an increase in industrial rates. The average farmer may buy only two sets of machinery during his lifetime but may raise thirty crops.

Erskine, Minn., June 16 Carl Berg, *Farmer*

"Journey's End"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago you raised the question whether West Point cadets realized the full meaning of "Journey's End," whether they did not "think . . . how sweet it is to die thus strongly and bravely."

May I suggest that the crux of the matter, so far as the coming generation of young men of every race is concerned, is that they should have their eyes opened to the ghastly deeds they must commit if involved in warfare, not only against their fellow-men, but indirectly (and perhaps directly by bombing from the air) against the women and children whom the warrior is supposed to protect? No one would ever desire that young men should fear to be killed or injured in a great cause, but we may surely hope that the day is not far off when they will fear to kill and maim, and consequently do their utmost to help the world-wide movement for permanent peace.

Victoria, Australia, June 22 J. B. Howie

For *Nation* Readers in Colorado

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It has occurred to me that it would undoubtedly be decidedly worth while for those of us in Denver and the Rocky Mountain region who are *Nation* readers to get in touch with one another, though it may not be possible to organize a *Nation* club and have meetings. In this health-seekers' Mecca some of us are home-bound. Nevertheless, to discuss even by mail the issues and causes in which *The Nation* is interested would, I think, seem desirable and worth while to an appreciable number.

I am willing to act as clearing-house if anyone is interested in such a project. My address is Route 3, Box 929, Edgewater, Colorado.

Edgewater, Colo., June 23 Elsa L. Widmayer

A Request for Conversations

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am preparing a critical study and anthology of real conversations, both historical and contemporary. I wonder whether any of your readers may be able to refer me to especially brilliant, amusing, or otherwise readable conversations which have been recorded and are now available in published form. Any such references may be sent to me at the School of Journalism, Columbia University.

New York, July 1 Walter B. Pitkin

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Books and Films

Dark of the Brain

By NORMAN MACLEOD

An incipient brown the taste of earth
strangles my need for water
and the turquoise of the hard fast earth
enunciates a requiem for stars
in a pale black glow that knows too much
the color of my brain on colder nights
than hands have ever felt
on any body.
The color of the blackness of the mind
with eyes nor hands affording sure access
to any human intercourse
through these cold years
is like a wound unbleeding and uncared,
stabbing the prickly tentacles of mind.

A Posse After the Humanists

The Critique of Humanism. A Symposium. Edited by C. Hartley Grattan. Brewer and Warren. $3.50.

MR. GRATTAN'S title must be taken with at least a teacupful of salt. He has not edited *the* critique, or even *a* critique, of this formless thing which so suddenly has found a name. Rather he has sent out a hurry call for men to help him hunt two intellectual culprits down, and a dozen have come running, armed with as many different weapons, to make it a good bloody night. They have answered from all quarters; some of them are short men, some of them are tall; some are trained fighters and some are not; but each of them has arrived with eagerness in his face, and each of them has achieved a certain measure of destruction—though not a few of the blows have been glancing blows.

If the reader, then, expects nothing at all in the way of concerted criticism, if he is blithely willing to hear one more series of notes added to the confused music which humanism has been making in its small portion of the world, he may proceed with pleasure through Mr. Grattan's book. There is some excellent writing in it; there is some good fun; there is now and then a rousing argument; and there is a greater display of learning than he might have looked for from the young men whom the humanists, academic or otherwise, have certainly urged him to despise. I read on with an almost constant relish, thinking that if nothing very much was being established against Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More, at any rate a good deal of intellectual exercise was being taken by the literary critics. That in itself is not a bad thing to have happening in a time when American criticism suffers so much from a failure, or a refusal, to examine assumptions. General ideas have been lacking from our literary talk, or at any rate they have not been stated; I suppose they have always been there. It is interesting to have them stated, and to the extent that that is so we have the humanists to thank for precipitating a war of words. Not, of course, that this will determine what kind of fiction we shall have in the coming decade, or what kind of poetry. Those departments of literature have a beautiful way of taking care of themselves. So has criticism, which I see as a quite separate department. We see it here, taking care of itself.

I said that this posse after the humanists came armed with divers weapons. The weapons fall, nevertheless, into three recognizable types. The first type, with harrow teeth, is employed by Burton Rascoe and Edmund Wilson, neither one of whom takes the fracas as anything but an excuse to ride recklessly over his victims, scratching and hacking as he goes. Mr. Rascoe, in a very gay piece called Pupils of Polonius, pours more effective ridicule on Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More—on their prejudices, their styles, and occasionally their ideas—than I remember to have seen poured on any living author or pair of authors. When I say "effective" I do not mean that Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More are demolished; so far as I can see they remain untouched. I mean simply that I was made to laugh, which is the purpose of ridicule. And I am not sure but that that is the best technique in literary argument, as it is obviously an excellent way of dealing with the present issue. Mr. Wilson's Notes on Babbitt and More—four scholia on passages picked out of their essays in the humanist symposium of a few months back—did not make me laugh. They were not intended to. But I got a great deal of smiling satisfaction out of the scorn and skill with which Mr. Wilson pounced upon the passages. Details, merely; yet if one can enter these breaches so easily, what depths and vacancies may not be found within? Mr. Wilson does not bother to go in. It is enough for him, who shows by the way that he knows modern literature with a thoroughness to which Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More make only a moral pretense, to show also that they are not infallible on their chosen ground—the ancient and the "sound."

The rest of the contributors are entirely serious, though they are serious in two different ways. The way of Hartley Grattan, Malcolm Cowley, Henry Hazlitt, and Lewis Mumford is the less effective because it does not take account of the fact that there is no use—neither is it fair—talking to Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More about the very aspect of the modern world which they have chosen to ignore, and by ignoring condemn. These four writers have done highly competent jobs, but they hardly needed to be done. Is it conceivable that their opponents will be impressed by Mr. Grattan's quotations from John Dewey, or by Mr. Cowley's reminder that this is an industrial civilization, or by Mr. Hazlitt's canvass of Bertrand Russell and A. I. Richards for new "individual and social values," or by Mr. Mumford's proposal of an alternative program which "recognizes the organic nature of human life"? The humanists, remember, separate man and nature, and have a right to do so. Why bombard them then with gospels contrived by contemporary thinkers in an attempt—vain, the answer cometh—to reconcile nature and man? It is like quoting scripture to the devil—or shall we say performing the black mass in the hope of saving an angel's soul.

The more effective way is that of Allen Tate and Bernard Bandler II, who address themselves directly to Mr. More, and examine him, not exhort him. Mr. Tate particularly scores a palpable hit—the only one, I think, in the volume—when he reduces Mr. More's "religion," which Mr. More had presented as a discipline, to something altogether personal with Mr. More—an indulgence, really, rather than a discipline. Mr. Tate is all the more convincing because he himself agrees with Mr. More that a discipline is desirable; so he is all the more plausible when he insists that the sage of Shelburne has merely added another personal faith to the excessive number of such that we already have, to our confusion and decay. Each one of them may have been necessary to the owner, and in Mr. More's case I think we have one which we can admire as a spectacle. But none of them can

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be used by other men—can be, that is, a religion at all. If Mr. Tate is right the whole structure of humanism comes tumbling down at once. And incidentally we have there an explanation of the feebleness of Mr. More's followers. His religion could nourish him; it cannot nourish them. That being the case we shall have no humanist movement.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Eliot Reconsidered

George Eliot. By J. Lewis May. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

THE authentic biography of George Eliot is the "Life" by her second husband, J. W. Cross, based, under her guidance, on her journals and letters. The still standard work by a professional critic is that by Leslie Stephen in English Men of Letters. There are no new facts for Mr. May or anybody else to discover, for George Eliot's life is as open, simple, lacking in mystery as that of any person in the whole Dictionary of National Biography; in what is known of her there is nothing which calls for a novel subtle interpretation. All that another critical biographer can do is give his views of her work, celebrate the woman and the writer in the light of his personal enthusiasms, place his own emphasis on quite undisputed facts. This Mr. May has done in a pleasant, sincere book. He would have done better if he were not inclined to learnedly irrelevant references and allusions, with bits of French and Latin. This manner has fortunately gone out of fashion, and it is a kind of literary pomposity which was one of George Eliot's faults, as Mr. May notes several times—and then commits it in his own way.

Two things Mr. May makes more prominent than Stephen had made them, though Stephen's competent understanding had seen them clearly enough. One is the immense importance of George Henry Lewes in helping the gods to make George Eliot a novelist. The other is the dependence, to the point of identity, of all that is best in her work upon her girlhood experience and her inmost, uneducated natural self.

Lewes is Mr. May's hero, as indeed he was George Eliot's hero. It is she who tells the story of her debt to him, and her gratitude is detailed, repeated, fervent. Perhaps the ardor of her avowal was increased by the fact that their relations were illegal and she was placed in a somewhat defiant attitude. But the irregularity of their union no longer disturbs us. Literature applauds the union for itself and admires this devoted, vivacious, versatile, alertly critical man who turned a highly intellectual spinster, with discursive purposeless interests, into the full true course of her genius and fulfilled her womanhood. Without Lewes there might have been a talented Mary Ann Evans, recorded in handbooks of literary history; there would have been no George Eliot.

The George Eliot we care for is a passionate woman who did look in her heart and write and who wrote best when she did not look too long into the higher regions of her intellect. She is Maggie Tulliver with the pen of an artist. This assimilation of the creator's character to the created character means much more in the case of George Eliot than the commonplace misstatement that every novel is more or less autobiographical. The material, the scenes and persons, of "Adam Bede" are as faithfully drawn from her experience as those of "The Mill on the Floss." Mrs. Poyser is no more alien to the nature of George Eliot than is Maggie (or for that matter than Diana or Clara Middleton is to George Meredith). But the girl Maggie, hot, wilful, affectionate, capable of doing unaccountable things, is the heart of her author. The death of Maggie strikes you with double pain because you have witnessed the death of a splendid young girl and also because you wonder what her development would have been. To make a reader's imagination run beyond the last page into a forever unwritable sequel is creation of the highest order. To understand George Eliot we begin not with the mature philosophic woman who made Maggie but with Maggie herself.

George Eliot became an eminent person with an intellectual halo, perhaps the most prominent Englishwoman except Victoria; only a few men equaled her in distinction. Mr. May thinks that if we are to see her face, the intellectual halo should be removed; that her admirers have *dehumanized* her. I doubt if he is right in saying that "she figures in the popular imagination as a highly respectable and prodigiously learned person, one whose respectability derived tremendous emphasis from the deliberate and august solemnity with which she invested her solitary and public defiance of it." Probably she figures, if she figures at all in whatever the popular imagination may be, as the author of some great novels, read or unread. Certainly Leslie Stephen makes her human and warm and attractive. But he seems to say too emphatically that she, alone of English novelists, "came to fiction from philosophy." Rather she came to fiction from life and from herself, and only wandered in philosophy awhile before she somewhat tardily found herself, or until Lewes (a philosopher!) found her. If biographers have been inclined to portray her in cap and gown, Mr. May has done good service in taking them off and showing her in whatever kind of ordinary clothes Victorian women wore. The value of her lies under the garments, in all parts of her, not solely in the head.

JOHN MACY

The Poetry of a Novelist

The Winter Alone. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

THIS book of poetry is difficult to criticize, for the reader is almost constantly of two opinions. "The Winter Alone" is the poetry of a novelist, one of the best of American novelists. There is no poverty of subject matter: the book is filled with individualistic observations upon life, with startling characters given in a sentence, with intricate emotional situations, with vivid backgrounds. The poet's outlook is at one and the same time mystic and intellectual. And yet, although the intention of many of the poems is lyric, there is a kind of looseness in rhythm and diffuseness in imagery which gives the reader the impression that many of these poems are notes for longer poems rather than the fused immediate statements of lyrics. And the lyric intention is only now and then focused clearly enough to arouse the called-for emotion on the part of the reader. In these verses there is the same subtlety and richness of imagination that makes Evelyn Scott a poet in her prose, for certainly much of her novel "The Wave" is highly poetic. Here is the same capacity for suffering, the same penetrative mind, and the same amazing gift for visualizing and using language. Here also is perhaps a little too much of human observation and not quite enough immediacy of emotional statement—the trick again of a novelist superseding the art of the poet. Mrs. Scott is too much inclined to walk into her scene and comment. She closes the poem on Creatures in General with:

> Oh God, would God I were a Presbyterian,
> And could feel these creatures
> Less real than I!

and the finer poem on the Eagle with:

> What is the crowd to him?
> A despised reason for the calm and mighty flight
> Above those lost and dwindling tents of snow.

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These lines with their fine rhythm—and here the rhythm is identical with the emotion—lose just a bit through the author's rhetorical question. It need not have been asked. The feeling of aloofness and grandeur could have been given directly.

Mrs. Scott has so much more to say than have most of our numerous poets, is so much more acutely sensitive to life, that we should not, perhaps, ask anything finer of her than that which she offers. And yet, the lack is there, a lack which some of the poems do not have—that of a convincing rhythm and a lightning-like fusion of several images into one consummate emotion.

But to quibble no more, "The Winter Alone" is a book of deeply and sincerely felt experiences. It exhibits no mere fluency of words, no mere playing with facile technique; the poems are of the stuff of life understood and the product of a mystic search never quieted.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Turkish Debt

European Financial Control in the Ottoman Empire. By Donald C. Blaisdell. Columbia University Press. $3.

THE allurement of fiction is often to be found in tales of imperialistic ventures, but the authors, like writers of fiction, are prone to follow fancy rather than fact. Dr. Blaisdell has shown that scientific accuracy may be combined with the interest of a novel. He has presented a technical thesis so vividly that despite its prosaic title it can be of interest to the layman; on the other hand, he has written so clearly and dispassionately in the prejudice-filled field of international debts that, as Professor Edward Mead Earle says in his foreword, his book should attract the attention of all students of international relations whether or not they have heretofore concerned themselves with Turkish affairs.

Dr. Blaisdell tells the complicated story simply, beginning with the days when Turkey, like many another "backward" and unstable country, offered a chance to financiers and speculators to lend money for the easy realization of speedy profits and an opportunity to small investors to obtain high interest rates. By the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century the Ottoman government had piled up a foreign debt of two hundred million pounds sterling. Realizing the well-nigh impossible situation into which it had fallen, it defaulted on the charges. The opportunity arose for European financial interests to penetrate to the very heart of the Ottoman Empire, and the chance was not lost. In 1881 the Turkish government concluded an agreement with the representatives of its foreign and domestic creditors for the resumption of payments on Ottoman bonds—a unique agreement standing midway between private and official financial control, and with no treaty or diplomatic basis. The Administration of the Ottoman Public Debt was created by it, with an executive council representing European and Ottoman security-holders.

The ability and efficiency of the council and its non-political activity are stressed by Dr. Blaisdell, who sees the salutary effect which it exerted on Turkish finances and yet realizes the germs of imperialism which the organization contained. Those germs came suspiciously near maturity when the council began to lend the weight of its influence to the advancement of the many European schemes for railway development of which Turkey was so notoriously full; and even more when it took the banking interests, especially those of the Imperial Ottoman Bank and the Deutsche Bank, to its heart. Thus the importance of the council in the financial scheme of the empire was constantly becoming greater. The climax was reached in 1907 when the council was given the semi-official duty of collecting, as agent of the Euopean Powers, the 3 per cent customs surtax which resulted from the convention imposed by Europe on a discomfited Turkey. The cat was out of the bag, for it could no longer be denied that the council was acting as an agent of the Powers. Small wonder that the rising spirit of Turkish nationalism should begin to feel suspicious of even so profitable an organization as the Debt Administration, or that after the turbulent war years the Nationalists who came into power should be opposed to restoring to the administration the privileges and power it had had before the war.

Turkish interest will no longer be subordinated to that of Europe in regard to finance, for the entrance into force of the draft contract of 1928, concluded after more than two years' negotiation, will show that Turkey is to be mistress in her own financial house. By the contract, the Turkish Republic has agreed to pay 67 per cent of the annuity of the pre-war debt; the council has been transferred to Paris, and its death knell has sounded.

Whether or not one agrees with Dr. Blaisdell's interpretation of the imperialistic development of the council, one cannot fail to agree with the fairness of his presentation of the picture; and one must perforce agree with his psychological understanding when he remarks that "so irrational are human beings that touched pride often demands that the body politic be divested even of an agency conferring certain material benefits."

JANE PERRY CLARK

A Race as Protagonist

Sweet Man. By Gilmore Millen. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THUS far novels about the Negro have been novels of problem or of background. Race is always the protagonist, except in studies where a landscape with figures forms the subject. And this has been true whether the author was white or black. No single character towers above his race and his condition, becomes a man, first, in whom the forces and urges of his people are fused by the white heat of creation, illuminating merely incidentally the social and philosophical problems of his race. The Negro needs his Dostoevski; he has had his secondary Zolas. American writers, in order to satisfy the American demand for vicarious physical experience, are going in heavily for stories of tramps, poor Negroes, savages, under-dogs, historical eccentrics, rogues, and clowns; stories that emerge crisply from those efficient writers' schools—the newspaper and the advertising agency; stories that are the result of an extraordinary amount of detailed knowledge gleaned either from actual experience or extended research, as the case may be. These may be excellent journalism done in fiction form, with the right amount of sob stuff, sex stuff, and high drama to carry along the good straight reporting, but as novels they are not of the first order.

"Sweet Man" is a good book, at times poignant, often exciting, for the most part artistically truthful, but viewed coolly and from a distance, it remains unimportant. It is without power. It is actually superficial. And the reason is to be found in the principal character, John Henry. Whether on the cotton plantation of his youth, in the army, as a sweet man on Beale Street, or as wandering laborer, gambler, lover, he remains of no consequence either as a representative figure for his people or as an individual. It is the things he does, the adventures he has that are interesting. We have the feeling that we are not being shown how John Henry does these things, but how a Negro like John Henry would do them. In that difference lies the difference between the creation of a man and the recording in story form of a good journalist's observations and experience.

FRED T. MARSH

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Beyond the War Books

The Whistlers' Room. By Paul Alverdes. Covici-Friede. $1.50.

TO speak of this novelette as a war book and assign it a higher or lower rank in the established hierarchy of war novels is to miss completely the nature of its significance. This lies primarily in the fact that it is the first novel dealing with any phase of the war that is not a war novel. One can no more call it a product of the war than one can call "The Red Badge of Courage" a product of the Civil War. It is symptomatic that German literature is beginning to overcome the trauma of the war and is able to use war experiences aesthetically instead of reacting to them journalistically.

The war, here, is merely a means of damming up the lives of four men in a hospital room—four crippled soldiers isolated by the peculiar nature of their disability in a world of which to all intents and purposes they are the only inhabitants. They had been shot through the throat, and in the process of healing the surrounding tissue had closed up their windpipes so that they were only kept alive by silver tubes inserted into new channels opening under their chins. "When they breathed a soft piping note like the squeaking of mice came from the silver mouth . . . hence they were called the whistlers." Left mute by their wounds they developed a language of their own consisting of "a wordless, clucking speech that, in default of a stream of air to make words with, they formed by means of their lips and tongues and teeth." Three of them are Germans. The fourth is an English prisoner who joins the "club" later on. There is a feeble pretense of hostility to the Englishman, but the overpowering constriction of their common world soon obliterates distinctions belonging to a realm as removed from them as another planet.

For all its artistry and power one closes "The Whistlers' Room" with a vague discontent. In part it is due to the puncturing of the isolated intensity of the whistlers' world by the successful operations which restore them to normality, a happy ending no doubt, but one that makes the compressed atmosphere of the book deflate like a ruptured balloon. Throughout the novel the feeling grows on one that Alverdes has not sufficiently exploited his power over us. From the outset we are translated into a world intensified by contraction to a point where the most ordinary gesture is fraught with terrific significance. But the author has remained content with ordinary gestures. We are put under general anaesthesia and are ready for a major operation and when we awake we are somewhat disappointed to find that we are still intact.

ALTER BRODY

The Primitive "Imagination"

Lobagola, an African Savage's Own Story. By Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lobagola. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ONE wonders why this book was ever published. Indeed, were it not for the fantastic character of its fabrications, I should hesitate to take the space of *The Nation* and the time of its readers to discuss such a performance. Yet there are certain questions which arise in the consideration of this book—questions which pertain particularly to the obligation the sponsors of a book have toward the reading public. The story was printed, before it appeared in book form, in a prominent magazine. Its publication brought a flood of protesting letters, which pointed out many of the gross errors of fact and drew attention to some of the internal evidence that the tale is woven out of whole cloth.

There is no objection to anyone spinning a yarn, and if a yarn be offered as such it makes enjoyable reading. "Trader Horn" is fantastic, but it is presented for what it may be worth, as the rambling tale of an old "'busher" recounting and embellishing his adventures. But the book under consideration is presented as autobiography, as fact. That its dubious character was realized is disclosed by the attempt to forestall criticism found in the introduction. Unfortunately, this is unsigned; one would like to know the authority who quotes Fishberg's quotation from Bastian to prove that "black Jews" live on the Loango coast, when more recent and complete works on that region make no mention of them, and who points to circumcision, a widespread African custom, to prove that Lobagola's people are Jews.

The internal evidence indicates that this self-termed "savage" not only did not lead the early life he says he did, but that he never went very far into the interior of West Africa, and could have visited the coastal region only casually. Thus, there is a three-hundred-and-fifty-mile discrepancy between the two places at which he says his home was situated. A "day's walk," according to computations based on his statements, is about sixteen miles. On page 1 he states, "I was born . . . six hundred miles north of Abomey Calavi . . . about forty-five days' walk north of the Gulf of Guinea, and three days' walk south of the native city of Timbuktu." On page 250 we learn that "my guides' intentions were to go . . . as far as Kano and then turn due west, which would bring me within two days' journey of my own village." If anyone will turn to an atlas the difference in location will be at once apparent. Indeed, if we consider the second statement, a journey of 330 miles west of Kano does not take the traveler out of Nigerian territory, in which, according to the 1921 census, no people like those described by this writer are to be found.

Other internal evidence for the falsity of the African setting of this so-called "autobiography" is to be had. The first two or three chapters are as excellent nature faking as I have ever read. The setting is the "Ondo bush," which, incidentally, is in *southern* Nigeria. It is described as a dense jungle inhabited by lions, elephants, leopards, boa constrictors (!), and other supposed denizens of the tropical forest. Yet, curiously enough, there is no tropical forest within many hundreds of miles of either of the two regions in which the narrator places his home. Far from being jungle, the region of which Lobagola writes is an intermediate prairie land, more desert this far north than anything else. Elephants rarely get into the region of Timbuktu, although lions appear occasionally. Some bits, considered as folk-lore, are not bad, as when we are told that if in getting away from a lion,

> ". . . you should climb a tree the lion can easily get help from the elephant, because the elephant and the lion are friendly. They may fight now and then, but they are really the closest of friends; so you would not be safe up a tree. When the elephant comes to the aid of a lion, the lion tells the elephant that it wants you down from the tree, and the elephant shakes the tree or pulls it up by the roots, and down you come."

The ethnological misstatements in the book are so numerous that only a few of the most glaring errors can be mentioned. Is it not curious that the kings of Gezo and Glelele, who are said to have instituted the battalion of "amazons" which, if real, must be unique in West Africa, should have had the same names as Dahomean kings? Does Lobagola not know that one of the strongest elements in West African religion is the fertility cult, so that a pregnant woman, far from being universally taboo, is the object of great care, and is assisted by other women when in labor? Why is a spear called by the

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South African term "assagai"? Why does the role of the ancestral spirit, so strong in all West Africa, not appear at all in his account? Does the writer not know that for Africans to do as the Negroes among whom his people are supposed to live are said to do with the bodies of the dead—to throw them into the bush and burn them—is contrary to all known West African practice except in the case of proved sorcerers? Does he not know that this is the worst punishment that can be inflicted on any human, something that dooms his spirit to be an outcast for eternity? One might go on and on with one's questions, until one came to the inevitable query as to Lobagola's Jewish people, who centuries ago wandered the "untracked wastes" of the Sahara—the Sahara where since before the time of Herodotus there have been well-traveled camel routes from north to south and east to west! This migration and these people, I am tempted to conclude, belong in the same category as the non-existent bush where the non-existent animals roam and where the Negro inhabitants have non-existent customs.

One wonders just who Lobagola may be. From his photograph I might venture the guess that he is a North African, perhaps even a North African Jew in whose ancestry there is some Negroid mixture. That he has lived in Europe and America I do not doubt, and the photographed documents prove that he has fought in the British army. The whole thing must have started when, being exhibited in Philadelphia as an "untamed African savage" from Dahomey, anthropologists questioned him about his supposedly native customs, until they found him so ill-informed that he could not be utilized. That he has become a convert to various religions, that he has written this tale out of his imagined picturing of what the interior of West Africa might be like, are not to be held against him. As he tells us, he was out for the main chance, and no one conversant with the situation of any colored non-European among us can blame him.

I return again to the question which is more grave, however, to that of the publisher's obligation. One can understand how this apparently persuasive Africanoid took in the kindly people who helped him; one can even understand how his glibness made his story sound plausible to the editors of the magazine that published it. But in the face of the denunciations which even the first instalments of the published account brought forth, one wonders how the publisher rationalized whatever convictions he may have as to his obligation to the readers of his books, and brought himself to stand sponsor for a volume of tall tales such as this. Is it perhaps not time that reputable publishing houses assumed some responsibility for the validity of the subject matter in the books they put forth? And in the case of accounts of strange people is it not time that they realized that the bloodthirsty savage so often portrayed is usually the figment of an imagination stimulated by visions of an inflated pocket-book? MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Books in Brief

The Constitution of the United States. A Brief and General Commentary. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Professor Munro takes the various provisions of the Constitution one by one, in the order in which they stand in the document, and comments briefly upon their origin, meaning, and implication. The book is designed for those who wish to acquire a general familiarity with the Constitution without going into the intricacies of constitutional law and political theory. References to judicial decisions, historical digressions, bibliographies, and other material usually found in treatises on the Constitution are, accordingly, omitted. The book should prove useful to persons whose political education, as far as constitutional matters are concerned, has been neglected and to those who, with no technical or special purpose in mind, approach the subject for the first time.

The Return of the Hero. By Darrell Figgis. Charles Boni. $.50.

This unusual little volume is a splendid choice for the first of the Boni paper books to be placed on general sale at fifty cents. Originally put forth by Figgis in Dublin in 1923 under the pseudonym of Michael Ireland, it is a modernization of the medieval "The Colloquy of Oisin and St. Patrick," of which there are several versions extant. But aside from its historical and philological interest, the story is a delightful creation in itself. Oisin, son of Finn, father of Oscar, chieftain of the Fiana of old Ireland, by a mischance finds himself returned to Ireland after two hundred years in the fairy land of Tir-na-nog. He is received by St. Patrick, who tries to convert him to the new faith, Christianity, while Oisin extols the ancient pagan delights, virtues, and heroism. The greater part of the book is taken up with the long discussions between St. Patrick and his bishops on the one hand and Oisin on the other, discussions in which the old hero more than holds his own. The flashes of keen insight and the bits of humor, philosophy, and description are what give the book its special value and charm.

The History of Iberian Civilization. By J. P. Oliveira Martins. Translated from the Portuguese by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Preface by S. de Madariaga. Oxford University Press. $5.

Both the translator and the distinguished scholar who writes the preface agree that Senhor Martins is far from the scientific historian that he believes himself to be. Nevertheless, he writes so well and with such fertility of ideas that his book, with all its exaggerations, is one of the most interesting historical productions of this century. Racially Senhor Martins connects the Iberians with the Berbers of Africa; he gives both peoples a heroic personality. The brilliant course of conquest and empire of Spain and Portugal in the sixteenth century is explained as the explosive expansion of a race capable of heroism; the decadence is explained as the exhaustion of the race, spent by its titanic effort. The simpler explanations at hand of economic and social processes are either ignored or argued away, and even the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews is seen as an act of heroic self-sacrifice.

North of Suez. By William McFee. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

William McFee's new book is reminiscent of a very fine novel—his own "Command." Lieutenant Rumford, thoroughly English girl of his own class, attractive, domineering, and Transport Officer at Port Said in war time. His wife, an English girl of his own class, attractive, domineering, and frigid, is there with him. Rumford remains honest and efficient though surrounded by corruption, charlatanry, and stupidity; and he keeps morally sound while other officers are slipping by the wayside through liquor, hasheesh, or women. Naturally he is disliked. Then, gradually, hardly realizing how it comes about, he finds himself involved in a mesh of intrigue, a tangle of conflicting suspicions and interests. At the same time he is being swept off his feet in a passionate affair with the seductive, intoxicating Grecian beauty, Mme Calisthenes. The conflict, of course, is in Rumford's own soul, in his inability to find new standards to take the place of the old ones he has thrown over, in his effort to adjust his mind to meet the larger sense of life which Anastasia Calisthenes and his new experiences have given him. The tragedy has not the splendid inevitability

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that made "Command" a fine book. The solution, like the usual happy ending, is a mere dodging of the problem. It is not quite fair. But the pages of the novel are illumined by those flashes of insight into the minds and hearts of inarticulate men for which McFee, after Conrad, is so notable.

The Life of Solomon. By Edmond Fleg. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

There is very little to be said in praise of Fleg's "Life of Solomon" that has not already been said in connection with his "Life of Moses." Again his poetic imagination has taken an accretion of legendary material and attempted to integrate it psychologically in the development of a personality. In this case, however, Fleg has not worked with exclusively Hebraic fable. He has, as he says, aimed to create a "Hebraic Faust," but as one can see from the preponderance of thaumaturgical as opposed to miraculous elements in the representation, his Solomon is as much Magian as Hebraic, and the fusion is never quite complete. The fact, too, that the historical probabilities about Solomon are so much more certain than in the case of Moses tends to disturb the imaginative reception of the legendary story. Somehow we remember that Solomon stands for the million-fold magnification of a petty Oriental despot. Hence we tend to take the story too much as an allegory, and to become more interested in the myth-forming process than the myth. In any event, it is certain that Fleg is rendering a tremendous service to Western readers as the Bulfinch of rabbinical fable in making accessible to them in beautiful form a mythology no less rich than the Greeks', whose very existence in most cases must have remained unknown to them.

Christine, and Other Stories. By Julian Green. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In this collection the author again shows his unquestioned familiarity with Hawthorne and Poe; he again demonstrates with well-caught echoes of his former works that he is completely at ease in the half-world of dreams and phobias. All of the four stories in the volume are psychopathic studies. And they are somehow unsatisfactory. The eerie prose and the continued playing on the same note of the weird and uncanny begin to take on the appearance of the ordinary. Unlike Coleridge, Mr. Green merely makes the supernatural supernatural. He becomes so embroiled in the tortured intricacies of his characters that the reader finds himself sympathizing with him rather than with his creations. The result is a sort of spiritual whirlpool, an eddy of tormented thoughts whose force and direction are both centripetal. Mr. Green's stories are unsatisfactory because they arrive nowhere. Nor is this a matter of plot or detail; it is rather a confusion that exists in the mind of the author himself, a confusion that creeps into the words and actions of his characters.

Blue Forest. By Viola C. White. Four Seas Company. $1.50.

"Blue Forest" is the third book of poetry by Miss White. Her first volume, "Horizons," was published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. In this last book her technique has come up to the demands of her vision. She has the most curious combination of a naive mysticism and an adult observation of life, and it is this combination that makes her verse unique. Her effects are so simple, her art so quiet, that the worth of her verse emerges only with rereading. Gradually, as in the reading and rereading of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," the significance of a simple description or a direct statement clarifies and widens. Her images are drawn from an animistic feeling for nature; her vision is directed toward no certain idea of Deity, but toward a loveliness which does away with marked epochs of time. She never strains for an effect or attempts forms she is not at ease in. Most of the poems in "Blue Forest" are lyrics; there is one longer and very fine poem addressed to Edgar Allan Poe. Her poems remind one of a vine grown up around a tree, tendriled, small-leafed, yet somehow as certain as the very tree trunk itself.

Films

Enter Japan

WE hear very little about Japanese films. Many hundreds are said to be produced annually in Japan but so far New York has seen only two, "A Daughter of Two Fathers," shown last summer, and "Slums of Tokio" ("Yoshivara"), the current picture at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse. It is difficult to say on such slender evidence how far one may regard these two pictures as representative of Japanese film work. One may only note that they are distinctly different from the typical American and European films. The quality that sets them apart is mainly their peculiar earnestness. No sophistication of any kind is visible in them. Traditional moral values are never questioned. The struggle with the adversities of life is couched in terms of extreme simplicity; the point of view has the naivete characteristic of primitive communities. To the Western mind this makes the same sort of appeal that the natural simplicity of children does. It is refreshing in its ingenuousness.

But it also has its weak points. Having outgrown the patriarchal stage of family life we find it difficult to be moved by the spectacle of paternal love rising in triumph over all obstacles, or to be thrilled by the self-sacrificing loyalty of a sister to her erring brother. There is a sentimental attitude here that cannot but seem forced to our Western eyes. This largely accounts for the failure of the two pictures mentioned to be fully convincing. One feels this particularly about "Slums of Tokio," which expounds the sister-brother theme, although here the failure is partly attributable to a "theatrical" treatment of the material which was less evident in "A Daughter of Two Fathers." The latter clearly belonged to the naturalistic school of cinematography and shared consequently all the limitations of that school. By contrast, "Slums of Tokio" exhibits a cinematic technique of considerable imaginative power; but it has the serious defect of echoing the conventions of the Japanese theater. The principal character in this film, Rikiya, whose infatuation with a geisha results in his losing his sight at the hands of a rival, is impersonated by an actor whose make-up and play of facial expression are clearly reminiscent of the conventions of the national stage. Much as we may admire masks on the stage, where the entire setting is wholly conventional, on the screen, amidst the surroundings of natural life, the barest suggestion of such artifice strikes a harshly discordant note. Moreover, the high emotional tension apparent behind the emphasized movements and facial expressions of this actor suggests a deaf-mute struggling to break into speech, an effect that makes one feel as if this *silent* picture were incomplete without spoken dialogue. The cumulative effect is that the picture, though produced with evident care and photographic skill, and though abounding in extremely interesting glimpses of Japanese life, rather drags in telling its story and hangs fire in its most dramatic moments.

A short travel picture of Japan shown on the same program deserves mention for its beautiful photography and its daring, if not quite successful, attempt to use the "split screen" in a news-reel subject. With a little more coordination in the movements within the three separate sections of the "frame,"

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and a more clearly marked division between the sections, this might have been a very significant achievement in cinematic technique.

"Juno and the Paycock" (Cameo) in its talkie version is not to be compared with the stage original, lacking as it does the latter's warmth and tense atmosphere. It also suffers from the acting of Mr. Chapman in the part of the Paycock, in which he wears his airs with too obvious an effort.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

‡Flying High—Apollo—W. 42 St.
†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42 St., W. of B'way.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

FILMS

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.
Hold Everything, Saturday, July 19 to Tuesday July 22; True to the Navy, Wednesday, July 23, to Friday, July 25—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
Journey's End—Gaiety—46 St. and B'way.
Mysteries of Nature, Friday, July 18th—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
The Big House—Astor—B'way and 45 St.
This Mad World, Saturday, July 19 to Tuesday, July 22; The Ship From Shanghai, Wednesday, July 23 to Friday, July 25—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Wiegenlied, Beginning Friday, July 18—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.

CONCERTS

Goldman Band Concerts, Monday, July 21, Central Park, Symphonic; Tuesday, July 22, N. Y. U.; Wednesday, July 23, Central Park, German; Thursday, July 24, N. Y. U. Peruvian; Friday, July 25, Central Park, Verdi; Saturday, July 26, N. Y. U., Popular; Sunday, July 27, Central Park. Concerts begin at 8.45 p.m.

Philharmonic Symphony Concerts, Lewisohn Stadium. Every evening at 8.30. In case of rain, the Choral Symphony concert on Wednesday, July 23 will be postponed to the following day and an orchestral program substituted.

*Drama. †Comedy. ‡Musical.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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Nansen the Norwegian

THE death of Fridtjof Nansen on May 13 removed from the contemporary scene one of the world's great men. The remarkable tribute to his personality and his work which we reprint below was written for the *Nation and Athenaeum,* London weekly, by Philip Noel Baker.

How often in the last weeks has Nansen been called a citizen of the world? How often have we said that he was the greatest of Europeans? And indeed his fame was not merely widespread, it was universal. His deeds had stirred the hearts and quickened the imagination of so many nations that they had become a part of the common heritage of mankind. So much so that we had half forgotten that Nansen was Norwegian . . .

Yet that, in reality, was the most important thing about him. The key to his simple yet mystical personality and to his position both at home and in the world lay in his passionate pride in Norway, and in Norway's affectionate and devoted pride in him. No one could meet Nansen in Geneva or elsewhere without discovering his anxiety to be back in Norway, his happiness in the forests and mountains and rivers of his native country, his belief in the value of Norwegian culture, his faith in the sterling qualities of the Norwegian people. No one could go to Norway without discovering that to Norwegians Nansen was one of the heroes of their race.

What was the secret of this mutual feeling? It lay in the common genius of Nansen and of the people from whom he sprang. There was nothing in Nansen to hamper the action of this common genius. He was not one of those "great" men whose greatness diminishes as you come nearer to it. Just the reverse. He was one of those rare beings whose stature seems to grow with closer knowledge. He was greatest to those who knew him best. Thus there was nothing in Nansen to check the devotion which a small nation could feel for a leader who lived his daily life within it. And there was everything in Nansen to call forth that devotion.

Norwegians are proud of their lovely country, of the wild primitive life which their forests and mountains still afford. They are proud of the physical prowess of their men, of their skill in national sports, in shooting, fishing, skating, skiing. They are proud of their sailors—no country sends so high a proportion of its men to sea as Norway. They are proud of their explorers, who from the days of the Vikings onwards have faced the perils of a peculiarly merciless unknown; and the nearness of Norway to the Arctic circle, with the mysterious fascination of its winter darkness and the dream-like beauty of its "white" summer nights, gives them an intimate conviction that by divine right the kingdom of the frozen North is theirs. They are proud of their national contribution to the science and knowledge of mankind. They are proud of their national contribution to art and letters, and are rightly conscious of the intensely national character of that contribution. They are proud of their democratic state—of their freedom, so hardly won and so nobly used, of their upright and efficient administration, of the simplicity of their public life. . . .

What did Fridtjof Nansen mean to such a people? He was the living embodiment of all the virtues and qualities they most admire. In the primitive life of wilder Norway, Nansen, even among his fellow-countrymen, was supreme. He was a master-craftsman of the woods and mountains; a superb horseman; a splendid shot, with an unrivaled knowledge of Norwegian ways of hunting; a fisherman of surpassing skill and cunning. As an athlete, Norway perhaps has never seen his equal. He won the national distance skating championship of his country when he was less than seventeen. A year later he broke the world's speed skating record for the mile. A year later he gave up skating and took seriously to skiing, and at his first attempt won the great national cross-country contest, victory in which marks a Norwegian as the leading athlete of the year. Twelve times he won that contest—and, indeed, was never beaten, for after twelve victories he retired.

Nansen was a sailor; not such a sailor as other yachtsmen are, but a sailor in the true tradition of the early Vikings. There are stories of Nansen battling in his yacht through stormy seas to Spitzbergen, alone with his daughter for days and nights amid the wild winds and waters of the Northern sea.

Nansen was an explorer, and, indeed, the greatest of explorers, not only among Norwegians, but, as I was told by one of the most eminent of Continental geographers, among all the explorers of the modern world. Have we forgotten—Norway at least has not—how at the age of twenty-eight Nansen, with every authority against him, having been refused a subsidy from the government for his expenses, planned and carried through the first crossing of the grim, mountainous ice field of central Greenland? All the other experts said that his scheme was madness. . . . They said it again later when he planned to freeze the Fram into the polar ice field and to drift her across the Arctic region back to the open sea. These experts would have been right with any ordinary man. But they were wrong with Nansen. For Nansen not only had the scientific knowledge and the imagination to conceive new and correct explanations of geographical facts; he had faith and patience and craftsmanship and courage such as no other man has had. He had faith which launched him on these great adventures with the absolute certainty that he must go through on the course he had projected or perish in the attempt. He had craftsmanship of the very highest order. It was said of him that he never won even the smallest victory by chance. . . . He designed and made the drawings for the Fram; he chose the wood and supervised the actual construction of every plank and beam—and the Fram triumphantly resisted pressures in the ice floes which his critics had predicted would grind her into dust. He had courage of a kind that most men never guess at. The smaller the party, the less the risk—that was his motto on his expeditions; and in faith therein he left the Fram on foot with *one* companion to seek to find the Pole. How many of us would gladly face for one single day and night the terrors of an empty desert of ice and snow, with only one companion, surrounded at every hour by every kind of danger, cut off by vast and often impassable distances from every link with civilized mankind? Nansen faced such terrors for fourteen months; he and Johansen were in almost daily peril of their lives; time and again only Nansen's quickness and endurance saved them from the assaults of bears or walruses or icebergs. . . . The word adventure takes on an ampler meaning when one remembers the epic tale of "Farthest North," and Nansen lives today among explorers as the giant of them all.

Nansen was a scholar, with an unusually wide range of scientific knowledge. He began as a zoologist, dipped into other branches, studied meteorology and the physical configuration of the globe, and specialized at length on oceanography. Nansen, in a modest way, was an artist. His drawings—

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portraits of men and women and polar bears and dogs and walruses, sketches of scenes in the Arctic regions or of holidays on skis or in the mountains—have more than talent. He was, in no modest way, a man of letters. His works of science, of adventure, of sporting stories, even of history—the history of the Viking explorers of long ago—are known wherever men read printed books. He wrote not only admirable Norwegian, but an easy and moving English prose that few even of our own great writers can excel.

Lastly, Nansen was a patriot and the first statesman of his native land. His first active intervention in political questions was when he worked for the consummation of Norwegian freedom by the separation from Sweden in 1905. His articles and manifestos influenced profoundly the trend of both Norwegian and Swedish thought, and helped to bring about a separation by peaceful means. People still talk in Norway of the great speech Nansen made to a vast concourse of fifty thousand people in the streets of Oslo on May 17 (Norway's Constitution Day) a quarter of a century ago. And when he had helped the Prime Minister, Christian Michelsen, to end the Swedish Union, Nansen came to London to act as Minister for two years, to insure the stability of the new Norwegian kingdom by gaining the friendship and the confidence of the most powerful government in the world. In 1908, without a sigh, and by his own request, he left the diplomatic service and returned home to serve his university instead. Ten years later, at the crisis of the war, he went on a new and greater mission to the United States, and after long negotiation made for Norway a "food and shipping arrangement" that was the envy of all the other neutral Powers. It was not surprising, therefore, that in 1920 Nansen was asked to act as first Delegate for Norway to the League of Nations; and at ten assemblies, even when his own prime minister was with him, Nansen remained first delegate to the end. Never once in all his life had he held political office of any kind; in 1926, at a serious crisis, he was asked to head a national government but gladly refused as soon as another solution of the crisis could be found; yet both to politicians and to the public Nansen stood above and behind all governments. As a shrewd Norwegian told me, all Norway felt the safer because they knew that if disaster happened Nansen would be there.

With all this genius, with all this wisdom, with all this personal authority and power, Nansen remained the simplest of living men. He loved beauty, he loved youth, he loved animals, he loved the country, he loved pleasure, he loved his work; he hated social duties and pretensions, he hated the waste and futility of social functions, he hated snobbery, he hated pomp and parade of every kind. Lord Curzon said of him in 1923 that he was the only living man to whom the doors of every Chancery in Europe were flung wide open; and true it is that he—a simple citizen of a tiny kingdom—was perhaps the only man alive who could venture to say whatever he thought right to any prince, prime minister, or president in the world. Yet differences of class or rank meant nothing to his mind. His king and his gardener were equally his friends.

There lies the secret of his power in Norway. They loved him not so much for his deeds as for himself. How in a nation of two millions could it be otherwise? In so small a national community the outer trappings of a public figure do not count. Norwegians loved him because he was their ideal in every quality they value and admire. They loved him because among all their legendary heroes, he was the greatest Norseman of them all. They loved him because he was a passionate nationalist, who had made his people great among the other nations of the world. But most of all they loved him, as his friends in every country loved him, because he was himself.

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